POEMS, SONGS AND SONNETS,

Together with a

Masque.

By THOMAS CAREW Esq;

One of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to His late Majesty.

The Songs set in Musick by Mr. *Henry Lawes*, Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of His late Majesties Private Musick.

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POEMS.

The SPRING.

NOw that the Winter's gone, the Earth hath loſt
Her ſnow-white Robes, & now no more the froſt
Candies the Graſs, or caſts an Icy Cream
Upon the Silver Lake, or Cryſtal Stream:
But the warm Sun thaws the benummed Earth,
And makes it tender, gives a ſacred Birth
To the dead Swallow, wakes in hollow Tree
The drowſie Cuckow, and the Humble Bee.
Now do a Quire of chirping Minſtrels bring
In triumph to the World, the youthful Spring:
The Vallies, Hills, and Woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd for *May*.
Now all things ſmile; only my Love doth lowre:
Nor hath the ſcalding Noon-day-Sun the power,
To melt that Marble Ice, which ſtill doth hold
Her Heart congeal'd, and makes her Pity cold.
The Oxe which lately did for ſhelter fly
Into the ſtall, doth now ſecurely lye

In open fields, and love no more is made
By the fire-side; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his *Cloris* sleep
Under a Sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season, only she doth carry
June in her Eyes, in her Heart *January*.

To A. L.

Perswasions to Love.

THink not, 'cause men flatt'ring say
Y'are fresh as *April*, sweet as *May*,
Bright as is the Morning-star,
That you are so; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem:
For being so, you lose the pleasure
Of being fair, since that rich Treasure
Of rare Beauty and sweet Feature,
Was bestow'd on you by Nature
To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sin
There to be scarce, where she hath been
So prodigal of her best graces;
Thus common Beauties, and mean faces

Shall have more paſtime, and enjoy
The ſport you loſe by being coy.
Did the thing for which I ſue
Onely concern my ſelf, not you;
Were Men ſo fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleaſure, Women none,
Then had you reaſon to be ſcant;
But 'twere a madneſs not to grant
That which affords (if you conſent)
To you the giver, more content
Than me the begger; Oh then be
Kind to your ſelf, if not to me;
Starve not your ſelf, becauſe you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle Beauty make
You your wiſer thoughts forſake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's ſweet, but Beauty's frail;
'Tis ſooner paſt, 'tis ſooner done
Than Summers Rain, or Winters Sun;
Moſt fleeting, when it is moſt dear;
'Tis gone, while we but ſay 'tis here.
Theſe curious Locks ſo aptly twin'd,
Whoſe every Hair a Soul doth bind,

Will change their abourn hue, and grow
White, and cold as Winters ſnow.
That eye which now is *Cupid*'s neſt
Will prove his Grave, and all the reſt
Will follow; in the Cheek, Chin, Noſe,
Nor Lilly ſhall be found, nor Roſe;
And what will then become of all
Thoſe, whom now you ſervants call?
Like Swallows when your Summer's done
They'l fly, and ſeek ſome warmer Sun.
Then wiſely chuſe one to your friend,
Whoſe Love may (when your Beauties end)
Remain ſtill firm: be provident
And think before the Summer's ſpent
Of following Winter; like the Ant
In plenty, hoard for time of ſcant.
Cull out amongſt the multitude
Of Lovers, that ſeek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthful fires,
And feed in age your hot deſires.
For when the ſtorms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd,

When a fair Ladies face is pin'd,
And yellow ſpread where red once ſhin'd.
When Beauty, Youth, and all ſweets leave her,
Love may return, but Lovers never:
And old folks ſay there are no pains
Like itch of Love in aged veins.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not loſe this preſent minute:
For Time and Age will work that wrack
Which Time or Age ſhall ne'r call back.
The Snake each year freſh skin reſumes,
And Eagles change their aged Plumes;
The faded Roſe each Spring receives
A freſh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your Beauties once decay,
You never know a ſecond *May*.
Oh, then be wiſe, and whilſt your ſeaſon
Affords you days for ſport, do reaſon;
Spend not in vain your lives ſhort hour,
But crop in time your Beauties flow'r:
Which will away, and doth together
Both Bud and Fade, both Blow and Wither.

Lips and Eyes.

IN *Celia*'s face a queſtion did ariſe
Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes:
We (ſaid the Eyes) ſend forth thoſe pointed Darts
Which pierce the hardeſt Adamantine hearts:
From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed thoſe bliſſes,
Which Lovers reap by kind words and ſweet kiſſes.
Then wept the Eyes, and from their Springs did pour
Of liquid Oriental Pearl a ſhowr.
Whereat the Lips mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmile unlock'd their Pearly Treaſure;
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or ſmiling Pearls in *Celia*'s face.

A Divine Miſtriſs.

IN Natures peeces ſtill I ſee
Some error, that might mended be;
Something my wiſh could ſtill remove,
Alter or add; but my fair Love
Was fram'd by hands far more Divine;
For ſhe hath every beauteous Line:
Yet I had been far happier
Had Nature that made me, made her;

Then

Then likeneſs might (that love creates);
Have made her love what now ſhe hates:
Yet I confeſs I cannot ſpare
From her juſt ſhape the ſmalleſt hair;
Nor need I beg from all the ſtore
Of Heaven, for her one Beauty more:
She hath too much Divinity for me,
You Gods teach her ſome more Humanity.

SONG.

A Beautiful Miſtriſs.

IF when the Sun at noon diſplays
His brighter rays,
Thou but appear,
He then all pale with ſhame and fear,
Quencheth his light,
Hides his dark brow, flies from thy ſight,
And grows more dim
Compar'd to thee, then ſtars to him.
If thou but ſhew thy face again,
When darkneſs doth at midnight Raign,
The darkneſs flies, and light is hurl'd,
Round about the ſilent World;
So as alike thou driv'ſt away,
Both light and darkneſs, night and day.

A Cruel Miſtriſs.

WE read of Kings, and Gods, that kindly took
A Pitcher fill'd with water from the Brook:
Bnt I have daily tendred without thanks
Rivers of Tears that overflow their banks.
A ſlaughter'd Bull will appeaſe angry *Jove:*
A Horſe the Sun, a Lamb the God of love;
But ſhe diſdains the ſpotleſs ſacrifice
Of a pure heart, that at her Altar lies.
Veſta is not diſpleas'd if her chaſte urn
Do with repaired Fuel ever burn;
But my Saint frowns, though to her honour'd name
I conſecrate a never-dying flame.
Th' Aſſyrian King did none i' th' Furnace throw,
But thoſe that to his Image did not bow;
With bended knees I daily worſhip her,
Yet ſhe conſumes her own Idolater.
Of ſuch a Goddeſs no times leave record,
That burnt the Temple where ſhe was ador'd.

SONG.

Murdring Beauty.

I'L gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place:
For my enchanted ſoul alike ſhe drowns
With calmes and tempeſts of her ſmiles and frowns.
I'l love no more thoſe cruel eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd, or anger'd, ſtill are Murderers:
For if ſhe dart (like lightning) through the air
Her beams of wrath, ſhe kills me with deſpair;
If ſhe behold me with a pleaſing eye,
I ſurfet with exceſs of joy, and dye.

My Miſtriſs commanding me to return her Letters.

SO grieves th' adventrous Merchant, when he throws
All the long-toyld-for treaſure his ſhip ſtows,
Into the angry main, to ſave from wrack
Himſelf and men; as I grieve to give back
Theſe Letters: yet ſo pow'rful is your ſway,
As if you bid me die, I muſt obey.
Goe then bleſt papers, you ſhall kiſs thoſe hands
That gave you freedome, but hold me in bands;

Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
Becauſe I may not touch thoſe hands, muſt die.
Me thinks, as if they knew they ſhould be ſent
Home to their native ſoil from baniſhment,
I ſee them ſmile, like dying Saints, that know
They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd Heaven goe.
When you return, pray tell your Soveraign,
And mine, I gave you courteous entertain;
Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiſs,
Firſt bath'd in that, it ſcap'd unſcorch'd from this:
I kiſt it, becauſe your hand had been there,
But, 'cauſe it was not now, I ſhed a tear.
Tell her no length of time, nor change of ayr,
No cruelty, diſdain, abſence, diſpair,
No nor her ſtedfaſt conſtancy can deterr
My vaſſal heart from ever hon'ring her.
Though theſe be pow'rful arguments to prove
I love in vain; yet I muſt ever love.
Say, if ſhe frown, when you that word reherſe,
Service in Proſe, is oft call'd love in verſe:
Then pray her, ſince I ſend back on my part
Her papers, ſhe will ſend me back my heart.
If ſhe refuſe, warn her to come before
The God of Love, whom thus I will implore.

Travelling

Trav'ling thy Countries road (*great God*) I ſpi'd
By chance this Lady, and walk'd by her ſide
From place to place, fearing no violence,
For I was well-arm'd, and had made defence
In former fights, gainſt fiercer foes, than ſhe
Did at our firſt incounter ſeem to be:
But going farther, every ſtep reveal'd
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
Seeing thoſe outward armes, I did begin
To fear, ſome greater ſtrength was lodg'd within.
Looking unto her mind, I might ſurvay
An hoaſt of beauties that in ambuſh lay;
And won the day before they fought the field:
For I unable to reſiſt, did yield.
But the inſulting tyrant ſo deſtroyes
My conquer'd mind, my eaſe, my peace, my joyes;
Breaks my ſweet ſleeps, invades my harmleſs reſt,
Robs me of all the treaſure of my breſt;
Spares not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong;
For having ſtoln my heart, ſhe binds my tongue.
But at the laſt her melting eyes unſeal'd
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
To her own ears the ſtory of my harms
Wrought by her vertues, and her beauties charms.

Now

Now hear (Juſt Judge) an act of ſavageneſs,
When I complain, in hope to find redreſs,
She bends her angry brow, and from her eye
Shoots thouſand darts, I then well hop'd to die;
But in ſuch ſoveraign balm Love dips his ſhot,
That, though they wound a heart, they kill it not;
She ſaw the blood guſh forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
Nor ſought my cure, nor ſaw me ſince; 'tis true,
Abſence and time (two cunning Leeches) drew
The fleſh together, yet ſure though the skin
Be clos'd without, the wound feſters within.
Thus hath this cruel Lady us'd a true
Servant, and ſubject to her ſelf, and you,
Nor know I (great Love) if my life be lent
To ſhew thy mercy, or my puniſhment;
If this enditement fright her, ſo as ſhe
Seem willing to return my heart to me,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongſt other trifling hearts, be out o th' way)
If ſhe repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but ſend me hers, and we are friends.

Secresie protested.

FEar not (dear Love) that I'l reveal
Those houres of pleasure we two steal;
No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
Descry, what thou and I have done;
No Ear shall hear our love, but we
Silent as the night will be;
The God of love himself (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know, that we can tell,
What sweets in stoln embraces dwell:
This only meanes may find it out,
If when I die, Physicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

A Prayer to the Wind.

GOe thou gentle whispering Wind,
Bear this sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruel fair doth rest
Cast it in her snowie brest,

So,

So, enflam'd by my desire,
It may set her heart a-fire:
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odours, and thence skip
To her bosome, lastly fall
Down, and wander over all;
Range about those Ivory hills
From whose every part distils
Amber dew; there Spices grow,
There pure streams of Nectar flow;
There perfume thy self, and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'st, change by thy pow'r
Every weed into a flow'r;
Turn each Thistle to a Vine,
Make the Bramble Eglantine.
For so rich a booty made,
Doe but this, and I am paid.
Thou canst with thy pow'rful blast;
Heat apace, and coole as fast;
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And again destroy the same:

Then for pity, either ſtir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh mine.

Mediocrity in Love rejected.

SONG.

Give me more Love, or more Diſdain,
The Torrid, or the Frozen Zone
Bring equal eaſe unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme, of Love, or Hate,
Is ſweeter than a calme eſtate.

Give me a ſtorm; if it be love,
Like Danae *in that golden ſhower,*
I ſwim in pleaſure; if it prove
Diſdain, that Torrent will devour
My Vulture-hopes; and he's poſſeſt
Of Heaven, that's but from Hell releaſt:
Then crown my joyes, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more diſdain.

SONG.

Good counsel to a young Maid.

GAze not on thy beauties pride,
Tender Maid, in the false tide
That from Lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful Chrystal show,
How thy colours come, and goe.
Beauty takes a foyle from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streames lies,
Under pities fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprize.

Nets of passions finest thred,
Snaring Poems will be spread,
All, to catch thy maiden-head.

Then beware, for those that cure
Loves disease, themselves endure
For reward a Calenture.

Rather

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek ſhould aſſigne
A perpetual bluſh to thine.

To my Miſtriſs ſitting by a Rivers ſide.

An EDDY.

MArk how yond Eddy ſteals away,
From the rude ſtream into the Bay,
There lock'd up ſafe, ſhe doth divorce
Her waters from the chanels courſe,
And ſcorns the Torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native ſpring.
Now doth ſhe with her new Love play,
Whil'ſt he runs murmuring away.
Mark how ſhe courts the banks, whil'ſt they
As amorouſly their arms diſplay,
T'embrace and clip her ſilver waves:
See how ſhe ſtrokes their ſides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat ſhe frowns, threatning to fly
Home to her ſtream, and 'gins to ſwim
Backward, but from the chanels brim,

Smiling returns into the Creek,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.
Be thou this Eddy, and I'l make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dream
Of the quite forsaken stream:
Let him to the wide Ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name, and taste;
Thou shalt save all, and safe from him,
Within these arms for ever swim.

SONG.

Conquest by flight.

Ladies, fly from love's smooth tale,
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail;
Grief is infectious, and the air
Enflam'd with sighes, will blast the fair:
Then stop your eares, when lovers cry,
Least your self weep, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
That pity which you cast away.
Young men fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:

The fixt mark gives the ſhooter aim,
And Ladies lookes have power to maim;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a ſmile, or kiſs, Love lies;
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

To my inconſtant Miſtreſs.

WHen thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joyes of love, ſhalt ſee
The full reward and glorious fate,
Which my ſtrong faith ſhall purchaſe me,
Then curſe thine own inconſtancy.

A fairer hand than thine ſhall cure,
That heart, which thy falſe oathes did wound;
And to my ſoul, a ſoul more pure
Than thine, ſhall by loves hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then

Then ſhalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears ſhall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou ſhalt be
Damn'd for thy falſe Apoſtaſie.

SONG.

Perſwaſions to Enjoy.

IF the quick ſpirits in your eye
Now languiſh, and anon muſt die:
If every ſweet, and every grace,
Muſt fly from that forſaken face:
Then (Celia) *let us reap our Joyes,*
E'r time ſuch goodly fruit deſtroyes.

Or, if that golden Fleece muſt grow
For ever, free from aged Snow;
If thoſe bright Suns muſt know no ſhade,
Nor your freſh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not (Celia) *to beſtow,*
What ſtill being gather'd ſtill muſt grow.
Thus, either Time *his Sickle brings*
In vain, or elſe in vain his Wings.

A Depoſition from Love.

I Was foretold, your Rebel ſex
Nor Love nor Pity knew;
And with what ſcorn you uſe to vex
Poor hearts that humbly ſue;
Yet I believ'd to crown our pain,
Could we the fortreſs win,
The happy Lover ſure ſhould gain
A Paradiſe within:
I thought Loves plagues like Dragons ſate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happy Lovers prove;
For I could kiſs, and ſport, and toy,
And taſte thoſe ſweets of love;
Which had they but a laſting ſtate,
Or if in *Celia*'s breſt
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too mean a gueſt.
But now her breach of faith, far more
Afflicts, than did her ſcorn before.

Hard fate! to have been once poſſeſt,
As victor, of a heart
Atchiev'd with labor and unreſt,
And then forc'd to depart.
If the ſtout Foe will not reſigne
When I beſiege a Town,
I loſe but what was never mine;
But he that is caſt down
From enjoy'd Beauty, feels a woe,
Only depoſed Kings can know.

Ingrateful Beauty threatned.

KNow *Celia*, (ſince thou art ſo proud,)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadſt, in the forgotten crowd
Of common Beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verſe exhal'd thy name,
And with it ympt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy Voice and Eyes:
Thy Sweets, thy Graces, all are mine;
Thou art my ſtar, ſhin'ſt in my ſkies;

Then dart not from thy borrowed ſphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there,

Tempt me with ſuch affrights no more,
Leſt what I made, I uncreate:
Let fools thy myſtique forms adore,
Ile know thee in thy mortal ſtate;
Wiſe Poets that wrapt Truth in Tales,
Knew her themſelves through all her Vails.

Diſdain returned.

HE that loves a Roſie cheek,
Or a Coral Lip admires,
Or from Star-like Eyes doth ſeek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes theſe decay,
So his Flames muſt waſte away.

But a ſmooth and ſtedfaſt mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm deſires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.

Where these are not, I despise
Lovely Cheeks, or Lips or Eyes.

No Tears, *Celia*, now shall win
My resolv'd heart, to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride, and scorn;
I have learn'd thy Arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou,
Some pow'r, in my revenge convey
That love to her, I cast away.

A Looking-glass.

THat flatt'ring Glass, whose smooth face wears
Your shadow, which a Sun appears,
Was once a River of my Tears.

About your cold heart they did make
A Circle where the briny Lake
Congeal'd into a chrystal cake.

Gaze no more on that killing Eye,
For fear the native cruelty
Doom you, as it doth all, to dye.

For fear leſt the fair object move
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you your ſelf my Rival prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pin'd,
There view your beauties, there you'l find
A fair face, but a cruel mind.

Be not for ever frozen, coy,
One beam of love will ſoon deſtroy
And melt that yce, to flouds of joy.

An Elegy on the La: PEN: ſent to my Miſtreſs out of France.

LEt him, who from his Tyrant Miſtreſs did
This day receive his cruel doom, forbid
His Eyes to weep that loſs, and let him here
Open thoſe floud-gates, to bedew this Beer;
So ſhall thoſe drops, which elſe would be but brine,
Be turn'd to Manna, falling on her ſhrine.
Let him, who baniſht far from her dear ſight
Whom his ſoul loves, doth in that abſence write,

Or lines of paſsion, or ſome pow'rful charms,
To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,
Take off his Pen, and in ſad Verſe be mone
This general ſorrow, and forget his own;
So may thoſe Verſes live, which elſe muſt die:
For though the Muſes give Eternity,
When they embalm with Verſe, yet ſhe could give
Life unto that Muſe, by which others live.
Oh pardon me (fair ſoul) that boldly have
Dropt, though but one Tear, on thy ſilent grave;
And writ on that Earth, which ſuch honour had,
To cloath that fleſh wherein thy ſelf was clad.
And pardon me (ſweet Saint) whom I adore,
That I this Tribute pay out of the ſtore,
Of Lines and Tears, that's only due to thee;
Oh, do not think it new Idolatry;
Though you are only Soveraign of this Land,
Yet univerſal loſſes may command
A ſubſidy from every private Eye,
And preſs each Pen to write, ſo to ſupply,
And feed the common grief; if this excuſe
Prevail not, take theſe Tears to your own uſe,
As ſhed for you; for when I ſaw her dye,
I then did think on your mortality

For ſince nor Vertue, Wit, nor Beauty, could
Preſerve from death's hand, this their Heavenly mould,
Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt,
I then knew you muſt die too, and did melt
Into theſe Tears: but thinking on that day,
And when the Gods reſolv'd to take away
A Saint from us, I that did know what dearth
There was of ſuch good ſouls upon the earth,
Began to fear leſt Death, their Officer,
Might have miſtook, and taken thee for her;
So hadſt thou rob'd us of that happineſs
Which ſhe in Heaven, and I in thee poſſeſs.
But what can Heaven to her Glory adde?
The Praiſes ſhe hath Dead, Living ſhe had.
To ſay ſhe's now an Angel, is no more
Praiſe than ſhe had, for ſhe was one before;
Which of the Saints can ſhew more votaries
Than ſhe had here? even thoſe that did deſpiſe
The Angels, and may her now ſhe is one,
Did, whilſt ſhe liv'd, with pure Devotion
Adore, and worſhip her; her vertues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate, or envy her; theſe cannot riſe
So high, as to repine at Deities:

But now she's 'mongst her fellow Saints, they may
Be good enough to envy her, this way
There's loss i' th' change, 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, if she
Should leave her servants here below, to be
Hated of her Competitors above;
But sure her matchless goodness needs must move
Those blest souls to admire her excellence;
By this means only can her journey hence
To Heaven prove gain, if as she was but here
Worship'd by men, she be by Angels there.
But I must weep no more over this urn,
My Tears to their own Channel must return;
And having ended these sad obsequies,
My Muse must back to her old exercise,
To tell the story of my Martyrdome.
But oh thou Idol of my soul, become
Once pitiful, that she may change her stile,
Dry up her blubber'd Eyes, and learn to smile:
Rest then blest soul; for as Ghosts fly away,
When the shrill Cock proclaims the Infant-day;
So must I hence, for loe I see from far,
The minions of the Muses coming are,
Each of them bringing to her sacred Herse
In either Eye a Tear, each Hand a Verse.

To my Miſtriſs in abſence.

THough I muſt live here, and by force
Of your command ſuffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind
(That's more my ſelf) ſtill ſtays behind;
I breath in you, you keep my heart;
'Twas but a Carkaſs that did part.
Then though our bodies are diſ-joyn'd,
As things that are to place confin'd;
Yet let our boundleſs ſpirits meet,
And in loves ſphere each other greet;
There let us work a myſtique wreath,
Unknown unto the World beneath;
There let our claſpt Loves ſweetly twine;
There our ſecret thoughts unſeen,
Like Nets be weav'd and inter-twin'd,
Wherewith we catch each others mind:
There whilſt our ſouls do ſit and kiſs,
Taſting a ſweet and ſubtle bliſs
(Such as groſs Lovers cannot know,
Whoſe Hands and Lips meet here below;)
Let us look down, and mark what pain
Our abſent bodies here ſuſtain,

And ſmile to ſee how far away
The one doth from the other ſtray,
Yet burn, and languiſh with deſire
To joyn and quench their mutual fire:
There let us joy to ſee from far
Our emulous Flames at loving warre,
Whilſt both with equal luſter ſhine,
Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
There ſeated in thoſe Heavenly bowers,
We'l cheat the lag, and lingring hours,
Making our bitter abſence ſweet,
Till ſouls, and bodies both, may meet.

To her in abſence.

A SHIP.

TOſt in a troubled ſea of griefs, I float
Far from the ſhoar in a ſtorm-beaten boat,
Where my ſad thoughts doe (like the compaſs) ſhow
The ſeveral points from which croſs winds do blow.
My heart doth like the Needle toucht with love,
Still fixt on you, point which way I would move.
You are the bright Pole-ſtar which in the dark
Of this long abſence, guides my wandring bark.

Love

Love is the Pilot, but o'rcome with fear
Of your diſpleaſure, dares not homewards ſtear;
My fearful hope hangs on my trembling ſail;
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale,
Which pleaſant breath muſt blow from your ſweet Lip.
Bid it but move, and quick as thought, this Ship
Into your Arms, which are my Port, will flye,
Where it for ever ſhall at Anchor lye.

SONG.

Eternity of Love proteſted.

How ill doth he deſerve a Lovers name,
Whoſe pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in ſpight of abſence or disdain;
But doth at once, like Paper ſet on fire,
Burn and expire;
True Love can never change his ſeat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
That noble Flame which my Breſt keeps alive
Shall ſtill ſurvive,
When my ſoul's fled;
Nor ſhall my love dye, when my body's dead.

That ſhall wait on me to the lower ſhade
And never fade
My very aſhes in their urn
Shall, like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burn.

Upon ſome alteration in my Miſtriſs, after my departure into France.

OH gentle Love, do not forſake the guide
Of my frail Bark, on which the ſwelling Tide
Of ruthleſs pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every ſide.
Gulfs of diſdain do gape to overwhelm
This boat, nigh ſunk with grief, whilſt at the helm
Diſpair commands;
And round about, the ſhifting ſands,
Of faithleſs Love and falſe Inconſtancy,
With Rocks of Cruelty
Stop up my paſſage to the neighbor Lands.
My ſighs have rais'd thoſe winds, whoſe fury bears
My ſail's o'r-board, and in their place ſpreads tears,
And from my tears
This ſea is ſprung, where nought but death appears;
A miſty cloud of anger hides the light
Of my fair ſtar, and every where black night

Uſurps the place
Of thoſe bright rayes, which once did grace
My forth-bound ſhip, but when it could no more
Behold the vaniſht ſhore,
In the deep flood ſhe drown'd her beamy face.

Good Counſel to a young Maid.

WHen you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim ſee,
Fainting with thirſt, haſte to the Springs;
Mark how at firſt with bended knee
He courts the cryſtal Nymphs, and flings
His body to the Earth, where he
Proſtrate adores the flowing Deity.

But when this ſweaty face is drencht
In her cool waves, when from her ſweet
Boſome his burning thirſt is quencht;
Then mark how with diſdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refreſht him, moves with ſullen pace.
So ſhalt thou be deſpis'd, fair Maid,
When by the fated Lover taſted;
What firſt he did with Tears invade,
Shall afterwards with ſcorn be waſted;

When all the Virgin-ſprings grow dry,
When no ſtreams ſhall be left, but in thine eye.

Celia *bleeding, to the Surgeon.*

FOnd man, that canſt beleeve her blood
Will from thoſe Purple Channels flow,
Or that the pure untainted flood
Can any foul diſtemper know;
Or that thy weak ſteel can incize
The Cryſtal caſe, wherein it lies.

Know; her quick blood, proud of his ſeat,
Runs dancing through her azure veins;
Whoſe harmony no cold, nor heat
Diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtains;
And the hard Rock wherein it dwels,
The keeneſt Darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'ſt, behold ſhe bleeds;
Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and doſt not know
The myſtique knot whence this proceeds,
How Lovers in each other grow;

Thou

Thou ſtruckſt her Arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

To T. H. *A Lady reſembling my Miſtreſs.*

FAir Copy of my *Celia's* Face,
Twin of my Soul, thy perfect Grace
Claims in my Love an equal Place,

Diſdain not a divided Heart,
Though all be Hers, you ſhall have part;
Love is not ty'd to rules of Art.

For as my ſoul firſt to her flew,
Yet ſtay'd with me; ſo now 'tis true
It dwels with Her, though fled to You.

Then entertain this wandring Gueſt,
And if not Love, allow it Reſt;
It left not, but miſtook the Neſt.

Nor think my Love, or your fair Eyes
Cheaper, 'cauſe from the ſympathies
You hold with her, theſe Flames ariſe.

To Lead or Braſs, or ſome ſuch bad
Metal, a Princes ſtamp may add
That value which it never had.

But to the pure refined Oar,
The ſtamp of Kings imparts no more
Worth, than the Metal held before.

Only the Image gives the rate
To Subjects, in a forrain State
'Tis priz'd as much for its own weight.

So though all other hearts reſigne
To your pure worth, yet you have mine
Only becauſe you are her coyn.

To Saxham.

THough Froſt and Snow, lock'd from mine eyes
That Beauty which without dore lies,

The Gardens, Orchards, Walks, that ſo
I might not all thy pleaſures know;
Yet (*Saxham*) thou, within thy gate,
Art of thy ſelf ſo delicate,
So full of native ſweets, that bleſs
Thy roof with inward happineſs;
As neither from, nor to thy ſtore,
Winter takes ought, or Spring adds more.
The cold and frozen Air had ſtarv'd
Much poor, if not by thee preſerv'd;
Whoſe Prayers have made thy Table bleſt
With plenty, far above the reſt,
The ſeaſon hardly did afford
Courſe cates unto thy neighbors board,
Yet thou hadſt dainties, as the ſky
Had only been thy Volary;
Or elſe the birds, fearing the ſnow
Might to another deluge grow,
The Pheaſant, Partridge, and the Lark,
Flew to thy houſe, as to the Ark.
The willing Oxe, of himſelf came
Home to the ſlaughter, with the Lamb,
And every beaſt did thither bring
Himſelf to be an offering.

The ſcaly Herd more pleaſure took
Bath'd in thy diſh, than in the brook.
Water, Earth, Air, did all conſpire,
To pay their Tributes to thy fire,
Whoſe cheriſhing flames themſelves divide
Through every room, where they deride
The night, and cold abroad; whilſt they,
Like Suns within, keep endleſs day.
Thoſe chearful beams ſend forth their light,
To all that wander in the night,
And ſeem to becken from aloof,
The weary Pilgrim to thy roof;
Where if refreſh't, he will away,
He's fairly welcome, or, if ſtay,
Far more, which he ſhall hearty find,
Both from the Maſter and the Hind.
The ſtranger's welcome, each man there
Stamp'd on his chearful brow, doth wear,
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer
Grow leſs, cauſe he ſtays longer here.
There's none obſerves (much leſs repines)
How often this man Sups or Dines.
Thou haſt no Porter at the door
T'examine, or keep back the poor;

Nor Locks, nor Bolts; thy Gates have been
Made only to let Strangers in;
Untaught to ſhut, they do not fear
To ſtand wide open all the year;
Careleſs who enters, for they know,
Thou never didſt deſerve a Foe;
And as for Theeves, thy Bounty's ſuch,
They cannot ſteal, thou giv'ſt ſo much.

Upon a Ribband.

THis Silken Wreath, which circles in mine Arm,
Is but an Emblem of that myſtique charm,
Wherewith the Magick of your Beauties binds
My captive ſoul, and round about it winds
Fetters of laſting Love; this hath intwin'd
My fleſh alone, that hath impal'd my mind:
Time may wear out theſe ſoft weak bands; but thoſe
Strong chains of Braſs, Fate ſhall not diſcompoſe.
This only relique may preſerve my wriſt,
But my whole frame doth by that pow'r ſubſiſt:
To That my Prayers and Sacrifice, to this
I only pay a ſuperſtitious kiſs:

This

This but the Idol, that's the Deity;
Religion there is due, here Ceremony,
That I receive by Faith, this but in Truſt;
Here I may tender Duty, there I muſt:
This order as a Lay-man I may bear,
But I become Loves Prieſt when That I wear.
This moves like Air, that as the Center ſtands;
That knot your Vertue ty'd, this but your Hands;
That Nature fram'd, but this was made by Art;
This makes my Arm your priſoner, that my Heart.

To the King at his entrance into Saxham,
by Maſter Jo. Crofts.

SIR,
Ere you paſs this threſhold, ſtay,
And give your Creature leave to pay
Thoſe pious Rites, which unto you,
As to our houſhold Gods, are due.
In ſtead of Sacrifice, each breſt
Is like a flaming Altar dreſt

With

With zealous fires, which from pure hearts
Love mixt with Loyalty imparts.
Incenſe, nor Gold have we, yet bring
As rich and ſweet an offering;
And ſuch as doth both theſe expreſs,
Which is our humble thankfulneſs;
By which is paid the All we owe
To Gods above, or men below.
The ſlaughter'd beaſt, whoſe fleſh ſhould feed
The hungry flames, we, for pure need,
Dreſs for your ſupper, and the gore,
Which ſhould be daſht on every dore,
We change into the luſty blood
Of youthful Vines, of which a flood
Shall ſprightly run through all your veins,
Firſt to your health, then your fair Trains.
We ſhall want nothing but good fare,
To ſhew your welcome, and our care;
Such rarities that come from far,
From poor mens houſes baniſht are,
Yet we'll expreſs in homely chear,
How glad we are to ſee you here.
We'l have what e'r the ſeaſon yields,
Out of the neighbouring woods, and fields;

For all the dainties of your board,
Will only be what those afford;
And having supt, we may perchance
Present you with a Countrey dance.
Thus much your servants, that bear sway
Here in your absence, bade me say,
And beg besides, you'ld hither bring
Only the Mercy of a King,
And not the Greatness; since they have
A thousand faults, must pardon crave;
But nothing that is fit to wait
Upon the glory of your state.
Yet your gracious favour will,
They hope, as heretofore, shine still
On their endeavors, for they swore
Should *Jove* descend, they could no more.

Upon the sickness of (E. S.)

MUst she then languish, and we sorrow thus,
And no kind God help her, nor pity us?
Is Justice fled from Heaven? can that permit
A foul deformed ravisher to sit

Upon her Virgin cheek, and pull from thence
The Roſe-buds in their Maiden excellence?
To ſpread cold paleneſs on her Lips, and chaſe
The frighted Rubies from their native place?
To lick up with his ſearching Flames a Flood
Of diſſolv'd Coral, flowing in her Blood;
And with the damps of his infectious breath,
Print on her Brow moiſt Characters of death?
Muſt the clear Light, 'gainſt courſe of nature, ceaſe
In her fair Eyes, and yet the Flames encreaſe?
Muſt Feaveri ſhake this goodly Tree, and all
That ripened fruit from the fair Branches fall,
Which Princes have deſir'd to taſte? muſt ſhe
Who hath preſerv'd her ſpotleſs chaſtity
From all ſolicitation, now at laſt
By Agues and Diſeaſes be embrac'd?
Forbid it Holy *Dian*; elſe who ſhall
Pay Vows, or let one grain of Incenſe fall
On thy neglected Altars, if thou bleſs
No better this thy zealous Votareſs?
Haſte then, O Maiden Goddeſs, to her aid,
Let on thy Quiver her pale Cheek be laid;
And rock her fainting Body in thine Arms;
Then let the God of Muſick with ſtill charms

Her

Her reſtleſs Eyes in peaceful ſlumbers cloſe,
And with ſoft ſtrains ſweeten her calm repoſe,
Cupid deſcend; and whilſt *Apollo* ſings,
Fanning the cool Air with thy panting wings,
Ever ſupply her with refreſhing wind;
Let thy fair Mother with her Treſſes bind
Her labouring Temples, with whoſe balmy ſweat
She ſhall perfume her hairy Coronet,
Whoſe precious drops ſhall upon every fold
Hang like rich Pearls about a wreath of Gold:
Her looſer Locks, as they unbraded lye,
Shall ſpread themſelves into a Canopy,
Under whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
From chilling Cold, or burning Calenture;
Unleſs ſhe freeze with Yce of chaſte deſires,
Only Holy *Hymen* kindle Nuptial fires.
And when at laſt Death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hand thy Golden Dart.

A Newyears Sacrifice.
To Lucinda.

THoſe that can give, open their hands this day,
Thoſe that cannot, yet hold them up to pray;

That

That health may crown the ſeaſons of this year,
And mirth dance round the Circle, that no tear
(Unleſs of Joy) may with its briny dew
Diſcolour on your cheek the Roſie hue;
That no acceſs of years preſume to abate
Your Beauties ever-flouriſhing eſtate:
Such cheap and vulgar wiſhes, I could lay,
As trivial offrings at your feet this day;
But that it were Apoſtaſie in me,
To ſend a Prayer to any Deity
But your Divine ſelf, who have power to give
Thoſe bleſsings unto others, ſuch as live
Like me, by the ſole influence of your eyes,
Whoſe fair aſpects govern our deſtinies.
Such Incenſe, Vows, and Holy Rites, as were
To the involved Serpent of the year,
Paid by Egyptian Prieſts, lay I before
Lucinda's ſacred ſhrine, whilſt I adore
Her beauteous Eyes, and her pure Altars dreſs
With Gums and Spice of humble Thankfulneſs;
So may my Goddeſs from her Heaven inſpire
My frozen boſome with a Delphique fire,
And then the World ſhall, by that glorious Flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortal Name.

SONG.

To one, who, when I prais'd my Mistriss's Beauty, said I was blind.

WOnder not, though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your Eyes, or in your mind;
If when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me;
If the pow'rful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lye
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart,
Then you'l confess your mortal sight
Too weak for such a glorious light:
For if her graces you discover,
You grow like me a dazel'd Lover;
But if those Beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

SONG:

SONG.

To my Mistriss, I burning in Love.

I Burn, and cruel you, in vain,
Hope to quench me with disdain;
If from your Eyes those sparkles came
That have kindled all this Flame,
What boots it me, though now you shrowd
Those fierce Comets in a Cloud?
Since all the Flames that I have felt,
Could your Snow yet never melt,
Nor, can your Snow (though you should take
Alps into your bosome) slake
The heat of my enamour'd heart;
But with wonder learn Loves Arts.
No seas of Ice can cool Desire,
Equal Flames must quench Loves Fire:
Then think not that my heat can dye
Till you burn as well as I,

SONG.

To her again, she burning in a Feaver.

Now she burns as well as I,
Yet my heat can never dye;
She burns that never knew desire,
She that was Ice, she that was Fire.
She whose cold heart chaste thoughts did arm
So, as Loves could never warm
The frozen bosom where it dwelt,
She burns, and all her Beauties melt:
She burns, and crys, Loves fires are mild,
Feavers are God's, but he's a child.
Love; let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of soul and Sense,
Touch her with thy flames Divine
So shalt thou quench her fire, and mine.

Upon the Kings sickness.

Sickness, the Minister of death, doth lay
So strong a siege against our brittle clay,

As whilſt it doth our weak Forts ſingly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
Firſt, it begins upon the womb to wait,
And doth the unborn Child there uncreate;
Then rocks the Cradle where the Infant lyes,
Where, ere it fully be alive, it dies.
It never leaves fond youth, until it have
Found, or an early, or a latter grave.
By thouſand ſubtle ſlights from heedleſs man
It cuts the ſhort allowance of a ſpan;
And where both ſober life, and Art combine
To keep it out, Age makes them both reſigne.
Thus by degrees it only gain'd of late,
The weak, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the Tyrant hath found out a way
By which the ſober, ſtrong, and young, decay,
Entring his Royal Limbs that is our head,
Through us his miſtique Limbs the pain is ſpread.
That man that doth not feel his part, hath none
In any part of his Dominion,
If he hold Land, that Earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This grief is felt at Court, where it doth move
Through every joynt, like the true ſoul of love.

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All those fair Stars that do attend on him,
Whence they derive their light, wax pale and dim:
That ruddy morning Beam of Majesty,
Which should the Sun's eclipsed Light supply,
Is over-cast with Mists, and in the lieu
Of cheerful Rays, sends us down drops of Dew.
That curious form made of an Earth refin'd,
At whose blest Birth the gentle Planets shin'd
With fair Aspects, and sent a Glorious Flame
To animate so beautiful a frame;
That Darling of the Gods and Men, doth wear
A Cloud on's Brow, and in his Eye a Tear:
And all the rest (save when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like liveless Statues stand.
So full of grief, so generally worn,
Shews a good King is sick, and good men mourn.

SONG.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her Husband.

COme Celia, *fix thine Eyes on mine,*
And through those Crystalls our souls flitting
Shall a pure wreath of Eye-beams twine,
Our loving hearts together knitting.

Let Eaglets the bright Sun ſurvey,
Though the blind Mole diſcern not day.

When clear Aurora *leaves her mate,*
The light of her gray Eyes deſpiſing,
Yet all the world doth celebrate,
With ſacrifice, her fair up riſing.
Let Eaglets, &c.

A Dragon kept the Golden Fruit,
Yet he thoſe dainties never taſted,
As others pin'd in the purſuit
So he himſelf with plenty waſted.
Let Eaglets, &c,

SONG.

The willing Priſoner to his Miſtriſs.

LEt fools great Cupid's *yoak diſdain,*
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilſt proud of my triumphant Chain
I ſit and court my beauteous Fetter.

Her murdring glances, ſnaring hairs,
And her bewitching ſmiles, ſo pleaſe me,
As he brings ruine, that repairs
The ſweet affiictions that diſeaſe me.

Hide not thoſe panting balls of ſnow
With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock thoſe Lips, their pearly row
In a ſweet ſmile of love unfolding.

And let thoſe Eyes, whoſe motion wheels
The reſtleſs Fate of every Lover,
Survey the pains my ſick heart feels,
And wounds themſelves have made, diſcover.

A Fly that flew into my Miſtriſs her Eye.

WHen this Fly liv'd, ſhe us'd to play
In the Sun-ſhine all the day;
Till coming neer my *Celia*'s ſight,
She found a new and unknown light,
So full of glory, as it made
The noon-day Sun a gloomy ſhade;
Then this amorous fly became
My Rival, and did court my flame.

She did from hand to bosome skip,
And from her Breath, her Cheek, and Lip,
Suck'd all the Incense, and the Spice,
And grew a Bird of Paradise:
At last into her eye she flew,
There scorch'd in flames, and drown'd in Dew,
Like *Phaeton* from the Sun's Sphere
She fell, and with her dropt a Tear,
Of which a Pearl was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd.
Thus she receiv'd from *Celia's* Eye,
Funeral Flame, Tomb Obsequie.

SONG.

Celia singing.

HEark how my Celia, *with the choice*
Musick of her hand and voice
Stils the loud wind; and makes the wild
Insensed Bore, and Panther mild:
Mark how those statues like men move,
Whilst men with wonder, statues prove!
This stiff rock bends to worship her,
That Idol turns Idolater.

Now see how all the new inspir'd
Images with Love are fir'd;
Hark how the tender Marble groans,
And all the late transformed stones
Court the fair Nymph with many a Tear,
Which she (more stony than they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind;
Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd
Such matchless Beauty with disdain,
Are all turn'd into stones again.

SONG.

Celia Singing.

YOu that think Love can convey,
No other way
But through the Eyes, into the heart,
His fatal Dart,
Close up those Casements, and but here
This Syren sing,
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice, it shall appear
That Love can enter at the ear:

Then

Then unveil your Eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voice dwels, and as we know,
When the Cocks crow,
We freely may
Gaze on the day:
So may you, when the Muſick's done,
Awake and ſee the riſing Sun.

SONG.

To one that deſired to know my Miſtriſs.

SEek not to know my Love, for ſhe
Hath vow'd her conſtant faith to me;
Her mild aſpects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a ſtormy brow:
For if her beauty ſtirre deſire
In me, her kiſſes quench the fire;
Or, I can to Love's Fonntain *goe,*
Or dwell upon her hills of ſnow;
But when thou burnſt, ſhe ſhall not ſpare
One gentle breath to cool the Air;
Thou ſhalt not climb thoſe Alps, nor ſpy
Where the ſweet ſprings of Venus *lye,*

Search

Search hidden Nature, and there find
A Treasure to inrich thy mind;
Discover Arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my Mistris's live conceal'd;
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

In the person of a Lady to her inconstant servant.

WHen on the Altar of my hand,
(Bedew'd with many a Kiss, and Tear,)
Thy now revolted heart did stand
An humble Martyr, thou didst swear
Thus, (and the God of love did hear,)
By those bright glances of thine eye,
Unless thou pity me, I dye.

When first those perjur'd Lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blasting Sighs, did seal
Their violated faith on mine,
From the soft bosom that did heal
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal;
My soul enflam'd with thy false breath,
poyson'd with kisses, suck'd in death.

Yet

Yet I nor Hand, nor Lip will move,
Revenge or Mercy to procure
From the offended God of love;
My curſe is fatal, and my pure
Love ſhall beyond thy ſcorn endure:
If I implore the Gods, they'l find
Thee too ingrateful, me too kind.

Truce in Love entreated.

NO more, blind God, for ſee my heart
Is made thy Quiver, where remains
No void place for another Dart;
And alas that conqueſt gains
Small praiſe, that only brings away
A tame and unreſiſting prey.

Behold a Nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak Artillery,
That hath thy Bow and Quiver charm'd,
A rebel Beauty, conquering thee:
If thou dar'ſt equal combat try,
Wound her, for tis for her I dye.

To my Rival.

HEnce vain Intruder, haſte away,
Waſh not with thy unhallowed brine
The footſteps of my *Celia*'s ſhrine;
Nor on her purer Altars lay
Thy empty words, accents that may
Some looſer Dame to love encline;
She muſt have offrings more divine;
Such pearly drops, as youthful *May*
Scatters before the riſing day;
Such ſmooth ſoft language, as each line
Might ſtroake an angry God, or ſtay
Jove's Thunder, make the hearers pine
With Envy; do this, thou ſhalt be
Servant to her, Rival with me.

Boldneſs in Love.

MArk how the baſhful Morn in vain
Courts the amorous Marigold
With ſighing blaſts, and weeping rain;
Yet ſhe refuſes to unfold,
But when the Planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,

Then

Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her Virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond Boy;
If thy Tears and Sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold Lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant Faith and Service vow,
Thy *Celia* shall receive those charms
With open Ears, and with unfolded arms.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Celia. Cleon.

AS *Celia* rested in the shade
With *Cleon* by her side,
The Swain thus courted the young Maid,
And thus the Nymph reply'd.

C E.

Sweet! let thy Captive fetters wear
Made of thine Arms and Hands;
Till such as thraldom scorn or fear,
Envy those happy bands.

C E.

Then thus my willing Arms I wind
About thee, and am ſo
Thy priſ'ner; for my ſelf I bind,
Until I let thee go.

C L.

Happy that ſlave, whom the fair foe
Ties in ſo ſoft a Chain,
C E. Far happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt break looſe again.

C L.

By thy immortal Beauties never.
C E. Frail as thy love's thine oath.
C L. Though Beauty fade, my faith laſts ever.
C E. Time will deſtroy them both.

C L

I dote not on thy ſnow-white skin.
C E. What then? C L. Thy purer mind
C E. It lov'd too ſoon. C L. Thou hadſt not been
So fair, if not ſo kind.

C E.

Oh ſtrange vain fancy! C L. But yet true.
C E. Prove it. C L. Then make a brade
Of thoſe looſe flames that circle you,
My Suns, and yet your ſhade.

C E.

C E.

'Tis done. C L. Now give it me. C E. Thus thou
Shall thine own error find,
If theſe were Beauties, I am now
Leſs fair, becauſe more kind.

C L.

You ſhall confeſs you erre; that hair
Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden Mountain bare?

C E, Ay me! it is too true.

C L.

But this ſmall wreath ſhall ever ſtay
In its firſt native prime,
And ſmiling when the reſt decay,
The triumphs ſing of time.

Then let me cut from thy fair Grove,
One branch, and let that be
An emblem of eternal Love;
For ſuch is mine ro thee.

C E.

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
I by thy grace. C L. And I
Shall live in thy immortal rime,
Until the Muſes dye.

By Heaven! CE. Swear not; if I must weep,
Jove shall not smile at me.
This kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep.
CL. This breaths my soul to thee.

Then forth the Thicket *Thirsis* rush'd,
Where he saw all their play:
The Swain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd,
The Nymph fled fast away.

Grief ingrost.

WHerefore do thy sad numbers flow
So full of woe?
Why dost thou melt in such soft strains,
Whilst she disdains?
If she must still deny,
Weep not, but dye,
And in thy Funeral fire,
Shall all her Fame expire:
Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy Hearse
Shall want her Tears, so she shall want thy Verse.
Repine not then at thy blest state,
Thou art above thy fate:

But my fair *Celia* will not give
Love enough to make me live;
Nor yet dart from her bright Eye
Scorn enough to make me dye.
Then let me weep alone till her kind Breath,
Or blow my Tears away, or ſpeak my Death.

A Paſtoral Dialogue.

Shepherd, Nymph, Chorus.

Shep. This Moſſy Bank they preſt. *Nym.* That aged Oak
Did Canopy the happy Pair
All night from the damp Air.
Cho. Here let us ſit and ſing the words they ſpoke,
Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

See Love, the bluſhes of the morn appear
And now ſhe hangs her pearly ſtore
(Rob'd from the Eaſtern ſhore)
I'th' Cowſlips Bell, and Roſes eare:
Sweet, I muſt ſtay no longer here.

Nymph.

Thoſe ſtreaks of doubtful light uſher not day,
But ſhew my Sun muſt ſet; no Morn
Shall ſhine till thou return;

The yellow Planets, and the gray
Dawn, ſhall attend thee on thy way.

She.

If thine Eyes gild my Paths, they may forbear
Their uſeleſs ſhine. *Nymph.* my Tears will quite
Extinguiſh their faint light.
She. Thoſe drops will make their beams more clear,
Loves flames will ſhine in every tear.

Cho.

They Kiſt, and wept, and from their Lips, and Eyes,
In a mixt dew of Briny ſweet,
Their Joys and Sorrows meet;
But ſhe crys out. *Nymph.* Shepherd ariſe,
The Sun betrays us elſe to ſpies.

Shep.

The winged hours fly faſt whilſt we embrace,
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with Leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chace
The Day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Heark: *Nym.* Aye me ſtay! *Shep.* For ever. *Nym.* No, ariſe,
We muſt be gone. *Shep.* My neſt of Spice.
Nym. My Soul. *Shep.* My Paradiſe.

Cho.

Cho. Neither could say fare-well, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted Speech, with Tears supplies.

Red and white Roses.

READ in these Roses the sad story
Of my hard Fate, and your own Glory:
In the White you may discover
The paleness of a fainting Lover;
In the Red, the Flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The White will tell you how I languish,
And the Red express my anguish.
The White my Innocence displaying,
The Red my Martyrdom betraying.
The frowns that on your Brow resided,
Have those Roses thus divided.
Oh let your smiles but cleer the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

To my Cousin (C. R.) *marrying my Lady* (A.)

HAppy Youth, that shall possess
Such a Spring-tide of Delight,

As the ſated Appetite
Shall enjoying ſuch exceſs
With the flood of pleaſure leſs,
When the Hymeneal Rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,
That it may in ſhadows dreſs
They too real happineſs;
Elſe (as *Semele*) the bright
Deity in her full hight
May thy feeble ſoul oppreſs.
Strong Perfumes, and glaring Light,
Oft deſtroy both Smell, and Sight

A Lover upon an Accident neceſſitating his departure, conſults with Reaſon.

LOVER.

WEep not, nor backward turn your beams
Fond Eyes; ſad Sighs lock in your breath;
Leſt on this wind, or in thoſe ſtreams,
My griev'd ſoul fly, or ſayl to death.
Fortune deſtroys me if I ſtay,
Love kills me if I goe away:
Since Love, and Fortune, both are blind,
Come Reaſon, and reſolve my doubtful mind.

REASON.

REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And gainſt the blinder God rebell,
Thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide
Where ſcorn and ſelf-will'd error dwell;
Where entrance unto Truth is barr'd;
Where Love and Faith find no reward;
For, my juſt hand may ſometime move
The wheel of Fortune, not the ſphere of Love.

Parting, Celia *weeps.*

WEep not (my Dear) for I ſhall go
Loaden enough with my own woe;
Add not thy heavineſs to mine:
Since Fate our Pleaſures muſt disjoyn,
Why ſhould our ſorrows meet? if I
Muſt goe, and loſe thy company,
I wiſh not theirs; it ſhall relieve
My grief, to think thou doſt not grieve.
Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear
Every ſigh, and every tear,
Away with me, ſo ſhall thy Breſt
And Eyes diſcharg'd enjoy their Reſt.

And it will glad my heart to ſee,
Thou wert thus loath to part with me.

A Rapture.

I Will enjoy thee now my *Celia*, come
And fly with me to Love's Elizium:
The Gyant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,
Is but a Maſquer, and the ſervile rout
Of baſer ſubjects only bend in vain
To the vaſt Idol, whilſt the Nobler Train
Of valiant Lovers daily ſail between
The huge Coloſſes legs, and paſs unſeen
Unto the bliſsful ſhore; be bold, and wiſe,
And we ſhall enter, the grim Swiſſe denies
Only to tame fools paſſage, that not know
He is but form and only frights in ſhew
The duller Eyes that lookt from far; draw near,
And thou ſhalt ſcorn what we were wont to fear;
We ſhall ſee how the ſtalking Pageant goes
With borrowed Legs, a heavy load to thoſe
That made, and bear him; not as we once thought
The ſeed of Gods. but a weak model wrought
By greedy men that ſeek t'incloſe the common,
And within private Arms empale free woman.

Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
We'l cut the fliting Air, and fore above
The Monſters head, and in the Nobleſt ſeats
Of thoſe bleſt ſhades quench and renew our heats.
There, ſhall the Queen of Love, and Innocence,
Beauty and Nature baniſh all offence
From our cloſe Ivy twines, there I'l behold
Thy bared Snow, and thy unbraded Gold;
There, my enfranchis'd hand on every ſide,
Shall o'r thy naked poliſht Ivory ſlide.
No Curtain there, though of tranſparent Lawn,
Shall be before thy Virgin-treaſure drawn:
But the rich Mine to the enquiring Eye
Expos'd, ſhall ready ſtill for Mintage lye;
And we will coin young *Cupids*. There, a bed
Of Roſes, and freſh Myrtles ſhall be ſpread
Under the cooler ſhade of Cypreſs Groves,
Our pillows, of the Down of *Venus* Doves,
Whereon our panting Limbs we'l gently lay
In the faint reſpites of our active play;
That ſo our ſlumbers may in dreams have leiſure
To tell the nimble fancy our paſt pleaſure;
And ſo our ſouls that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the embraces of our bodies taſte.

Mean while the bubling ſtream ſhall court the ſhore,
Th' enamour'd chirping wood-quire ſhall adore
In varied Tunes the Deity of Love;
The gentle blaſts of Weſtern winds ſhall move
The trembling leaves, and through their cloſe bows breath
Still Muſick whilſt we reſt our ſelves beneath
Their dancing ſhade, till a ſoft murmur, ſent
From ſouls entranc'd in amorous languiſhment,
Rowze us, and ſhoot into our veins freſh fire,
Till we, in their ſweet extaſie expire.
Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore,
Into the common Treaſure all her ſtore,
Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
Deflowring the freſh Virgins of the Spring;
So wil I rifle all the ſweets that dwell
In my delicious Paradiſe, and ſwell
My bag with Honey, drawn forth by the power
Of fervent kiſſes, from each ſpicy flower.
I'l ſeize the Roſe-buds in their perfum'd bed,
The Violet knots, like curious Mazes ſpread
O're all the Garden, taſte the ripened Cherry,
The warm firm Apple tipt with Coral berry;
Then will I viſit, with a wandring kiſs
The Vale of Lillies, and the Bower of Bliſs;

And where the beauteous Region doth divide
Into two milky ways, my Lips ſhall ſlide
Down thoſe ſmooth Allies, wearing as I go
A tract for Lovers on the printed ſnow;
Thence climbing o'r the ſwelling *Appenine*,
Retire into thy Grove of Eglantine;
Where I will all thoſe raviſht ſweets diſtil
Through Loves Alimbique, and with Chimique skill
From the mixt Maſs one ſoverain Balm derive,
Then bring that great Elixir to thy hive.

Now in more ſubtile wreaths I will entwine,
My ſnowy Thighs, my Legs, and Arms with thine.
Thou like a ſea of Milk ſhalt lie diſplai'd,
Whilſt I the ſmooth calm Ocean invade
With ſuch a tempeſt, as when *Jove* of old
Fell down on *Danae* in a ſtorm of Gold:
Yet my tall Pine, ſhall in the Cyprian ſtraight
Ride ſafe at Anchor, and unlade her fraight,
My Rudder, with thy bold hand, like a try'd
And skilful Pilot, thou ſhalt ſteer, and guide
My Bark into Loves Channel, where it ſhall
Dance, as the bounding waves do riſe or fall;
Then ſhall thy circling Arms, embrace and clip
My willing Body, and thy balmy Lip

Bath me in juyce of kiſſes, whoſe perfume
Like a Religious Incenſe ſhall conſume,
And ſend up Holy Vapors to thoſe pow'rs
That bleſs our loves, and crown our ſportful hours,
That with ſuch Halcion calmneſs fix our ſouls
In ſtedfaſt peace, as no affright controuls.
There, no rude ſounds ſhake us with ſudden ſtarts,
No jealous Ears, when we unrip our Hearts,
Suck our diſcourſe in; no obſerving ſpies
This bluſh, that glance traduce; no envious Eyes
Watch our cloſe meetings, nor are we betraid
To Rivals, by the bribed Chamber-maid.
No wedlock bonds unwreath our twiſted Loves;
We ſeek no midnight Arbor, no dark Groves
To hide our Kiſſes: there, the hated name
Of Husband, Wife, Luſt, Modeſt, Chaſte, or Shame,
Are vain and empty words, whoſe very ſound
Was never heard in the Elizian ground.
All things are lawful there, that may delight
Nature, or unreſtrained Appetite:
Like, and Enjoy, to Will, and Act, is one,
We only ſin when Loves Rites are not done.
The Roman *Lucrece* there reads the Divine
Lectures of Loves Great Maſter, *Aretine*,

And

And knows as well as *Lais* how to move
Her pliant body in the act of Love
To quench the burning Raviſher, ſhe hurles
Her Limbs into a thouſand winding curles.
And ſtudies Artful poſtures, ſuch as be
Carv'd on the Bark of every neighbouring Tree
By Learned hands, that ſo adorn'd the rinde
Of thoſe fair Plants, which as they lay entwinde,
Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian Dame,
That in her endleſs web toyl'd for a name
As fruitleſs as her work, doth there diſplay
Her ſelf before the Youth of *Ithaca*,
And th' amorous ſport of gameſome nights prefer
Before dull dreams of the loſt Traveller.
Daphne hath broke her Bark, and that ſwift foot
Which th' angry Gods had faſtned with a root
To the fixt Earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
To meet th' embraces of the youthful Sun:
She hangs upon him like his Delphique Lyre,
Her kiſſes blow the old, and breath new fire;
Full of her God, ſhe ſings inſpired Layes,
Sweet Odes of Love, ſuch as deſerve the Bayes,
Which ſhe her ſelf was. Next her, *Laura* lies
In *Petrarch*'s learned Arms, drying thoſe Eyes

That

That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
These, and Ten thousand Beauties more, that dy'd
Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarg'd, deride
His cancel'd Laws, and for their time misspent,
Pay into Loves Exchequer double Rent.
Come then my *Celia*, we'l no more forbear
To taste our joys, struck with a Pannique fear,
But will depose from his Imperious sway
This proud Usurper, and walk free, as they
With Necks unyoak'd; nor is it just that He
Should fetter your soft Sex with Chastity,
Which Nature made unapt for abstinence;
When yet this false Impostor can dispence
With humane Justice, and with sacred right,
And maugre both their Laws, command me fight
With Rivals, or with emulous Loves, that dare
Equal with thine, their Mistress Eyes, or Hair:
If thou complain of wrong, and call my sword
To carve out thy Revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
With marks of Infamy, my coward hands,
And yet Religion bids from Blood-shed fly,
And damns me for that Act then tell me why

This Goblin Honour which the world adores,
Should make Men Atheists, and not Women Whores?

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers.

THe Lady *Mary Villers* lies
Under this stone; with weeping Eyes
The Parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends laid her in earth:
If any of them (Reader) were
Known unto thee, shed a tear;
Or if thy self possess a gem,
As dear to thee, as this to them,
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
Mayst find thy Darling in an Urn.

Another.

THe purest Soul that e'r was sent
Into a clayie Tenement
Inform'd this Dust, but the weak mould
Could the great guest no longer hold,
The substance was too pure, the flame
Too glorious that thither came:

Ten thousand *Cupids* brought along
A Grace on each wing that did throng
For place there, till they all oppreſt
The ſeat in which they ſought to reſt,
So the fair Model broke for want
Of room to lodge th' Inhabitant.

Another.

THis little Vault, this narrow room,
Of Love and Beauty is the Tomb;
The dawning beam that gan to clear
Our clouded Sky, lies darkned here,
For ever ſet to us, by death
Sent to enflame the world beneath.
'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
More ſweetneſs than ſhall ſpring again,
A budding Star that might have grown
Into a Sun, when it had blown.
This hopeful Beauty did create
New life in Love's declining ſtate;
But now his Empire ends, and we
From fire, and wounding Darts are free;
His Brand, his Bow, let no man fear;
The Flames, the Arrows, all lye here.

Epitaph on the Lady S. *Wife to Sir* W. S.

THe harmonie of Colours, Features, Grace,
Reſulting Ayres (the Magique of a face)
Of muſical ſweet Tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one Soveraign Beauty, lies confin'd
To this dark Vault. She was a Cabinet
Where all the choiſeſt ſtones of price were ſet;
Whoſe native colours, and pure luſtre, lent
Her Eye, Cheek, Lip, a dazling ornament;
Whoſe rare and hidden vertues did expreſs
Her inward Beauties, and Minds fairer dreſs;
The conſtant Diamond, the wiſe Chryſolite,
The devout Saphire, Emrauld apt to write
Records of Memory, cheerful Agat, grave
And ſerious Onyx, Topaz that doth ſave
The Brains calm temper, witty Amethyſt;
This precious Quarry, or what elſe the liſt
On Arons Ephod planted had, ſhe wore;
One only Pearl was wanting to her ſtore,
Which in her Saviours Book ſhe found expreſt,
To purchaſe that, ſhe ſold death all the reſt,

Maria

Maria Wentworth, Thomæ *Comitis* Cleveland, *filia primogenita virginiam animam exhalavit. An. Dom.*—*Æt. ſuæ.*—

AND here the precious Duſt is laid;
Whoſe purely tempered Clay was made
So fine, that it the gueſt betraid.

Elſe the Soul grew ſo faſt within,
It broke the outward ſhell of ſin,
And ſo was hatch'd a Cherubin.

In height it ſoar'd to God above;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And ſpread in breadth to general love.

Before a pious Duty ſhin'd
To Parents, courteſie behind,
On either ſide an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To ſervants kind, to friendſhip clear,
To nothing but her ſelf ſevere.

So though a Virgin, yet a Bride
To every Grace ſhe juſtify'd
A chaſte Polygamy, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (Reader) what ſmall truſt
We owe this world, where vertue muſt
Frail as our fleſh crumble to duſt.

On the Duke of *Buckingham.*

Beatiſsimis Manibus chariſsimi viri Illæ Conjunx ſic Parentavit.

WHen in the brazen leaves of Fame,
The life, the death of *Buckingham*
Shall be recorded, if Truth's hand
Incize the ſtory of our Land,
Poſterity ſhall ſee a fair
Structure, by the ſtudious care
Of two Kings rais'd, that no leſs
Their wiſdom, than their pow'r expreſs;
My blinded zeal (whoſe doubtful light
Made murders ſcarlet Robe ſeem white,
Whoſe vain-deluding phantaſmes charm'd
A clouded ſullen ſoul, and arm'd
A deſperate hand, thirſty of blood)
Torn from the fair earth where it ſtood,
So the majeſtique fabrique fell.
His Actions let our Annals tell:

We write no Chronicle; this Pile
Wears only ſorrows face and ſtile,
Which, even the envy that did wait
Upon his flouriſhing eſtate,
Turn'd to ſoft pity of his death,
Now pays his Hearſe; but that cheap breath
Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
Puddle thoſe ſtreams that bathe this ſhrine.
These are the pious Obſequies
Drop'd from his chaſte Wives pregnant Eyes
In frequent ſhowres, and were alone
By her congealing ſighs made ſtone,
On which the Carver did beſtow
Theſe Forms and Characters of woe;
So he the faſhion only lent,
Whilſt ſhe wept all this Monument.

Another.

Siſte Hoſpes, ſive Indigena, ſive Advena, viciſſitudinis rerum memor, pauca perlege.

READer, when theſe dumb ſtones have told
In borrowed Speech what gueſt they hold;
Thou ſhalt confeſs, the vain purſuit
Of humane Glory yields no fruit;

But an untimely Grave. If Fate
Could conſtant happineſs create,
Her Miniſters, Fortune and Worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth;
They fix'd this Child of Honour, where
No room was left for Hope or Fear,
Of more, or leſs: ſo high, ſo great
His growth was, yet ſo ſafe his ſeat.
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his Loyal heart and ends;
Safe in his native valiant ſpirit;
By Favour ſafe, and ſafe by Merit;
Safe by the ſtamp of Nature, which
Did ſtrength, with Shape and Grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerful courteſies
Of flowing Geſtures, Speech, and Eyes;
Safe in his Bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his Mind, than ſtore;
Yet, though for vertue he becomes
Involv'd himſelf in borrowed ſums,
Safe in his care, he leaves betrayd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpaid.
But though the Stars conſpire to ſhower
Upon one head th'united power

Of all their Graces, if their dire
Aſpects muſt other breaſts inſpire
With vicious thoughts, a Murderers knife
May cut (as here) their Darlings life.
Who can be happy then, if Nature muſt
To make one happy man, make all men juſt.

Four Songs by way of *Chorus* to a Play, at an entertainment of the King and Queen, by my Lord Chamberlain.

The Firſt of *Jealouſie*. Dialogue.

Queſtion.

FRom whence was firſt this fury hurld,
This jealouſie into the world?
Came ſhe from Hell? Anſw. *No, there doth raign*
Eternal Hatred with Diſdain,
But ſhe the Daughter is of Love,
Siſter of Beauty. Reply, *Then above*
She muſt derive from the third Sphere
Her Heavenly Off-ſpring. Anſw. *Neither there*
From thoſe immortal flames could ſhe
Draw her cold frozen Pedigree.
Queſt. *If nor from Heaven nor Hell, where then*
Had ſhe her birth? Anſ. *I' th' hearts of men,*

Beauty,

Beauty, and Fear, did her create,
Younger than Love, Elder than Hate.
Sister to both, by Beauties side
To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd:
Dispair her issue is, whose race
Of fruitful mischief drowns the space
Of the wide Earth, in a swoln flood
Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage, and blood.

Quest. *Oh how can such a spurious line*
Proceed from Parents so Divine?

Answ. *As streams, which from their Chrystal spring*
Doe sweet and cleer their waters bring,
Yet mingling with the brackish Main,
Nor Taste nor Colour they retain.

Qu. *Yet Rivers 'twixt their own banks flow*
Still fresh, can jealousie do so?

Answ. *Yes, whilst she keeps the stedfast ground*
Of Hope, and Fear, her equal bound;
Hope sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Tow'rds the fair object doth advance;
Whilst Fear, as watchful Scentinel,
Doth the invading Foe repel;
And jealousie thus mixt, doth prove
The season, and the salt of love:

But when Fear takes a larger ſcope,
Stifling the Child of Reaſon, Hope
Then ſitting on th' uſurped Throne,
She like a Tyrant rules alone.
As the wild Ocean unconfin'd,
And raging as the Northern wind.

2.

Feminine Honour.

IN what eſteem did the Gods hold
Fair Innocence, and the chaſte Bed,
When ſcandall'd vertue might be bold,
Bare foot, upon ſharp Cultures ſpread
O'r burning coals to march, yet feel
Nor ſcorching fire, nor piercing ſteel?

Why, when the hard edg'd Iron did turn
Soft as a bed of Roſes blown,
When cruel flames forgot to burn
Their chaſte pure Limbs, ſhould man alone
Gainſt female Innocence conſpire,
Harder than Steel, fiercer than Fire?

Oh hapleſs Sex! unequal ſway
Of partial Honour! who may know

Rebels

Rebels from Subjects that obey,
When malice can on veſtals throw
Diſgrace, and Fame fix high repute
On the cloſe ſhameleſs Proſtitute?
Vain Honour! thou art but diſguiſe,
A cheating Voice, a jugling Art,
No judge of Vertue, whoſe pure Eyes
Court her own Image in the heart,
More pleas'd with her true figure there,
Than her falſe Eccho in the Ear.

3.

Separation of Lovers.

STop the chaſed Bore, or play
With the Lyons paw, yet fear
From the Lovers ſide to tear
Th' Idol of his ſoul away.

Though Love enter by the ſight
To the heart, it doth not fly
From the mind, when from the eye
The fair objects take their flight.

But ſince Want provokes deſire,
When we loſe what we before
Have enjoy'd, as We want more,
So is Love more ſet on fire.

Love doth with an hungry Eye
Glut on Beauty, and you may
Safer ſnatch the Tygers prey
Than his vital food deny.

Yet though abſence for a ſpace,
Sharpen the keen Appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All Loves characters efface.

For the ſenſe not fed, denies
Nouriſhment unto the mind,
Which with expectation pin'd,
Love of a conſumption dies.

4.

Incommunicability of Love.

Queſt. *By what power was Love confin'd*
To one object? who can bind,
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?

An. *Nature; for as bodies may*
Move ot once but in one way,
So nor can minds to more than one Love ſtray.

Reply. *Yet I feel double ſmart*
Loves twinn'd flame, his forked dart.
An. *Then hath wild Luſt, not Love poſſeſt thy heart.*

Qu. *Whence ſprings love?* An. *From Beauty.* Qu. *Why*
Should th' effect not multiply
As faſt i th' heart, as doth the cauſe i' th' eye?

An. *When two Beauties equal are,*
Senſe preferring neither fair,
Deſire ſtands ſtill, diſtracted 'twixt the pair.

So in equal diſtance lay
Two fair Lambs in the Wolf's way,
The hungry beaſt will ſtarve ere chooſe his prey.

But where one is chief, the reſt
Ceaſe, and that's alone poſſeſt
Without a Rival Monarch of the breaſt.

Songs in the Play.

A Lover in the disguise of an Amazon, is dearly beloved of his Mistriss.

CEase thou afflicted soul to mourn,
Whose Love and Faith are paid with scorn;
For I am starv'd that feel the blisses
Of dear embraces, smiles and kisses
From my soul's Idol, yet complain
Of equal Love more than disdain.

Cease, Beauties exile to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that fair bosome dwell
That is my Paradise, and Hell;
Banisht at home, at once at ease
In the safe Port, and tost on Seas.

Cease in cold jealous fears to pine
Sad Wretch, whom Rivals undermine:
For though I had lock'd in mine Arms
My lifes sole joy, a Traytors charms
Prevail, whilst I may only blame
My self, that mine own Rival am.

Another.

Another.

A Lady rescued from death by a Knight, who in the instant leaves her, complains thus.

OH whither is my fair Sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat away?
If thou repose in the moist Bed
Of the Sea-Queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt lye
Bath'd in the sea flows from mine Eye.

Upon what whirlwind didst thou ride
Hence, remain fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me; fled, and ty'd?
Dark Riddles of the amorous Art;
Love lent thee wings to fly, so He
Unfeather'd now must rest with me.

Help, help, brave Youth, I burn, I bleed,
The cruel God with Bow and Brand
Pursues the life, thy valor freed,
Disarm him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou may'st the wild boy tame,
Give me his Dart, keep thou his Flame.

To Ben. Johnson.

Upon occaſion of his Ode of defiance annex'd to his Play of the New-Inne.

'Tis true (dear *Ben*:) thy juſt chaſtizing hand
Hath fix'd upon the ſotted Age a brand
To their ſwoln pride, and empty ſcribling due,
It can nor judge, nor write, and yet tis true
Thy comique Muſe from the exalted line
Toucht by the Alchymiſt, doth ſince decline
From that her Zenith, and foretels a red
And bluſhing evening, when ſhe goes to bed,
Yet ſuch, as ſhall out-ſhine the glimmering light
With which all ſtars ſhall gild the following night.
Nor think it much (ſince all thy Eaglets may
Endure the Sunny trial) if we ſay
This hath the ſtronger wing, or that doth ſhine
Trick'd up in fairer plumes, ſince all are thine;
Who hath his flock of cackling Geeſe compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of Swans? or elſe who dar'd
To call thy births deform'd? but if thou bind
By City cuſtome, or by Gavel kind,
In equal ſhares thy love on all thy race,
We may diſtinguiſh of their ſex, and place;

Though

Though one hand form them, and through one brain ſtrike
Souls into all, they are not all alike.
Why ſhould the follies then of this dull age
Draw from thy Pen ſuch an immodeſt rage
As ſeems to blaſt thy (elſe immortal) Bays,
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of praiſe?
Such thirſt will argue drought. No, let be hurld
Upon thy works by the detracting world,
What malice can ſuggeſt; let the rout ſay,
The running ſands, that (ere thou make a play)
Count the ſlow minutes might a *Goodwin* frame
To ſwallow, when th'haſt done; thy ſhip-wrack'd name
Let them the dear expence of oyl upbraid
Suck'd by thy watchful Lamp that hath betraid
To theft the blood of martyr'd Authors, ſpilt
Into thy Ink, whilſt thou growſt pale with guilt;
Repine not at the Tapers thrifty waſte,
That ſleeks thy terſer Poems; nor is haſte
Praiſe, but excuſe; and if thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring the booty home;
Nor think it theft, if the rich ſpoils ſo torn
From conquer'd Authors, be as Trophies worn.
Let others glut on the the extorted praiſe
Of vulgar breath, truſt thou to after days:

Thy labour'd works ſhall live, when Time devours
Th' abortive off-ſpring of their haſty hours.
Thou art not of their rank, the quarrel lies
Within thine own Virge, then let this ſuffice,
The wiſer world doth greater Thee confeſs
Than all men elſe, than Thy ſelf only leſs.

An Hymeneal Dialogue.

Bride and Groome.

Groom. Tell me (my Love) ſince *Hymen* ty'd
The Holy knot, haſt thou not felt
A new infuſed ſpirit ſlide
Into thy Breſt, whilſt thine did melt?

Bride. Firſt tell me (Sweet) whoſe words were thoſe?
For though the voice your air did break,
Yet did my ſoul the ſenſe compoſe,
And through your Lips my heart did ſpeak.

Groo. Then I perceive, when from the flame
Of love my ſcorch'd ſoul did retire,
Your frozen heart in her place came,
And ſweetly melted in that fire,

Bride.

Bride. 'Tis true, for when that mutual change
Of souls, was made with equal gain,
I straight might feel diffus'd a strange,
But gentle heat through every vein.

Chorus. Oh blest dis-union, that doth so
Our bodies from our souls divide,
As two do one, and one four grow,
Each by contraction multiply'd.

Bride. Thy bosome then I'll make my nest,
Since there my willing soul doth pearch.
Groom. And for my heart in thy chaste brest,
I'l make an everlasting search.
Chorus. Oh blest disunion, *&c.*

Obsequies to the Lady ANNE HAY.

I Heard the Virgins sigh, I saw the sleek
And polish'd Courtier channel his fresh cheek
With real Tears; the new betrothed Maid
Smil'd not that day, the graver *S*enate laid
Their business by, of all the Courtly throng,
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue;

I that

I that ne'r more of private ſorrow knew
Than from my Pen ſome froward Miſtriſs drew,
And for the publick woe, had my dull ſenſe
So ſear'd with ever adverſe influence,
As the invaders ſword might have unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead boſom, yet began to melt:
Grief's ſtrong inſtinct, did to my blood ſuggeſt
In the unknown loſs peculiar intereſt.
But when I heard the Noble *Carliſle*'s Gem,
The faireſt branch of *Denny*'s antient ſtem,
Was from that Casket ſtoln, from this Trunk torn,
I found juſt cauſe, why they, why I ſhould mourn.
But who ſhall guide my Artleſs Pen, to draw
Thoſe blooming Beauties, which I never ſaw?
How ſhall poſterity beleeve my ſtory,
If I, her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper vertues, ſhall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortal ſtate?
Shall I, as once *Apelles*, here a feature,
There ſteal a grace, and rifling ſo whole Nature
Of all the ſweets a Learned Eye can ſee,
Figure one *Venus*, and ſay ſuch was ſhe?
Shall I her legend fill, with what of old
Hath of the Worthies of her ſex been told,

And what all Pens, and Times, to all dispence,
Restrain to her, by a prophetique sence?
Or shall I, to the Moral, and Divine
Exactest Laws, shape by an even line,
A life so straight, as it should shame the square
Left in the rules of *Katherine*, or *Clare*,
And call it hers, say, so did she begin,
And had she liv'd, such had her progress been?
These are dull ways by which base Pens, for hire,
Daub glorious vice, and from *Apollo*'s quire
Steal holy *Ditties*, which prophanely they
Upon the Herse of every strumpet lay.

We will not bath thy corps with a forc'd Tear,
Nor shall thy Train borrow the blacks they were;
Such vulgar Spice, and Gums, embalm not thee,
Thou art the Theme of Truth, not Poetry.
Thou shalt endure a Tryal by thy Peers;
Virgins of equal birth, of equal years,
Whose vertues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy Picture, and record thy life;
One shall ensphere thine Eyes, another shall
Impearl thy Teeth, a Third thy white and small
Hand shall besnow, a Fourth incarnadine
Thy Rosie cheek, until each beauteous line

Drawn by her hand, in whom that part excels,
Meet in one Center, where all Beauty dwels.
Others, in task shall thy choice vertues share,
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare,
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds,
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every vertue, which in the pursuit
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus shalt thou, from the mouth of envy, raise
A glorious journal of thy thrifty days,
Like a bright star shot from his sphere, whose race,
In a continued line of Flames, we trace:
This, if survay'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late, thou wer't, thou art;
This shall gain credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens, nor partial rimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is stored by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall Saint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus even by Rivals to be Deifi'd.

To the Countess of Anglesea, *upon the immoderately by her lamented death of her Husband.*

MAdam, men say you keep with dropping Eyes
Your sorrows fresh, wat'ring the Rose that lies
Fall'n from your Cheeks upon your dear Lords Herse.
Alas! those odours now no more can pierce
His cold pale nostril, nor the Crimson Dye
Present a graceful blush to his dark Eye.
Think you that flood of pearly moisture hath
The vertue fabled of old *Eson*'s bath?
You may your Beauties, and your Youth consume
Over his Urn, and with your sighs perfume
The solitary Vault, which as you groan
In hollow ecchoes shall repeat your moan;
There you may wither, and an Autumn bring
Upon your self, but not call back his spring.
Forbear your fruitless grief then, and let those
Whose love was doubted, gain belief with shows
To their suspected faith; you, whose whole life
In every Act crown'd you a constant Wife,
May spare the practice of that vulgar trade,
Which superstitious custome only made;

Rather a Widow now of Wiſdome prove
The pattern, as a Wife you were of love:
Yet ſince you ſurfet on your grief, 'tis fit
I tell the world, upon what cares you ſit
Glutting your ſorrows, and at once include
His ſtory, your excuſe, my gratitude.
You, that behold how yond ſad Lady blends
Thoſe aſhes with her Tears, leſt, as ſhe ſpends
Her tributary ſighs, the frequent guſt
Might ſcatter up and down the noble duſt,
Know when that heap of Atomes was with blood
Kneaded to ſolid fleſh, and firmly ſtood
On ſtately Pillars, the rare form might move
The froward *Ino's*, or chaſte *Cynthia's* love.
In motion active grace, in reſt a calm;
Attractive ſweetneſs, brought both wound and balm
To every heart, he was compos'd of all
The wiſhes of ripe Virgins, when they call
For *Hymen's* rites, and in their fancies wed
A ſhape of ſtudied Beauties to their bed.
Within this curious Palace dwelt a ſoul
Gave luſtre to each part, and to the whole,
This dreſt his face in courteous ſmiles, and ſo
From comely geſtures ſweeter manners flow.

This courage joyn'd to ſtrength, ſo the hand, bent,
Was valours, open'd, Bounties inſtrument,
Which did the ſcale and ſword of Juſtice hold,
Knew how to brandiſh Steel, and ſcatter Gold.
This taught him, not t' engage his modeſt tongue
In ſuits of private gain, though publick wrong;
Nor miſ-employ (as is the great mans uſe)
His credit with his Maſter, to traduce,
Deprave, maligne, and ruine Innocence,
In proud revenge of ſome miſ-judg'd offence:
But all his actions had the noble end
T'advance deſert, or grace ſome worthy friend.
He choſe not in the active ſtream to ſwim,
Nor hunted Honour, which yet hunted him;
But like a quiet Eddy that hath found
Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
And in continual circles dances free,
From the impetuous Torrent; ſo did he
Give others leave to turn the wheel of State,
(Whoſe ſteerleſs motion ſpins the ſubjects fate)
Whilſt he retir'd from the tumultuous noiſe
Of Court, and ſutors preſs, apart, enjoys
Freedom, and mirth, himſelf, his time and friends,
And with ſweet relliſh taſts each hour he ſpends.

I could remember how his Noble heart
First kindled at your beauties, with what Art
He chas'd his game through all opposing fears,
When I his sighs to you, and back your tears
Convey'd to him, how loyal then, and how
Constant he prov'd since to his Marriage vow,
So as his wandring Eyes never drew in
One lustful thought to tempt his soul to sin,
But that I fear such mention rather may
Kindle new grief, than blow the old away.
Then let him rest joyn'd to great *Buckingham*,
And with his brothers mingle his bright flame,
Look up, and meet their beams, and you from thence
May chance derive a chearful influence,
Seek him no more in dust, but call agen
Your scatter'd Beauties home, and so the Pen
Which now I take from this sad Elegy
Shall sing the Trophies of your conquering Eye.

An Elegy upon the death of Doctor Donne, *Dean of* Pauls.

CAn we not force from widowed Poetry
Now thou art dead (Great *Donne*) one Elegy,

To

To crown thy Hearſe? why yet did we not truſt,
Though with unkneaded dow-bak'd Proſe, thy duſt,
Such as th uncizard Lect'rer from the flower
Of fading Rhetorique, ſhort liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the ſand that meaſures it, might lay
Upon the aſhes on the Funeral day?
Have we not tune, nor voice? didſt thou diſpence
Through all our language both the words and ſenſe?
'Tis a ſad truth. The Pulpit may her plain
And ſober Chriſtian precepts ſtill retain;
Doctrines it may, and wholſome Uſes frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, but the flame,
Of thy brave ſoul, that ſhot ſuch heat, and light,
As burnt our Earth, and made our darkneſs bright,
Committed holy Rapes upon the Will,
Did through the Eye the melting hearts diſtil,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths, ſo teach,
As ſenſe might judge, what fancy could not reach,
Muſt be deſir'd for ever. So the fire
That fils with ſpirit and heat the Delphique Quire,
Which kindled firſt by the Promethean breath
Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy death,
The Muſes Garden with Pedantique weeds
O'rſpread, was purg'd by thee, the lazy ſeeds

Of ſervile imitation thrown away,
And freſh invention planted; thou didſt pay
The debts of our penurious bankrout Age:
Licentious theſts, that make poetique rage.
A mimique fury, when our ſouls muſt be
Poſſeſt, or with *Anacreon*'s extaſie,
Or *Pindar*'s, not their own, the ſubtle cheat
Of ſly exchanges, and the jugling feat
Of two-edg'd ſwords, or whatſoever wrong
By ours was done the *Greek* or *Latine* tongue,
Thou haſt redeem'd, and opened us a Mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
Of Maſculine expreſsion, which had good
Old *Orpheus* ſeen, or all the antient brood
Our ſuperſtitious fools admire, and hold
Their Lead more precious than thy burniſht Gold;
Thou hadſt been their Exchequer, and no more,
They each in others dung had ſearch'd for Ore.
Thou ſhalt yield no precedence, but of Time,
And the blind fate of Language, whoſe tun'd chime
More charms the outward ſenſe; yet thou mayſt claim
From ſo great diſadvantage, greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troubleſome language bends, made only fit

With

With her tough thick-rib'd hoops, to gird about
Thy Gyant fancy, which had prov'd too ſtout
For their ſoft melting phraſes. As in time
They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, beſides the fear
To touch their harveſt, yet from thoſe bare lands
Of what was only thine, thy only hands
(And that their ſmalleſt work) have gleaned more
Than all thoſe Times, and Tongues, could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy ſtrickt Laws will be
Too hard for Libertines in Poetry,
They will recall the goodly exil'd Train
Of Gods, and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt raign
Was baniſht noble Poems; now, with theſe,
The ſilenc'd tales i'th Metamorphoſes
Shall ſtuff their lines, and ſwell the windy page,
Till Verſe refin'd by thee, in this laſt age
Turn Ballad-rime, or thoſe old Idols be
Ador'd again with new Apoſtaſie.
Oh pardon me that break with untun'd Verſe
The reverend ſilence, that attends thy Hearſe;
Whoſe ſolemn awful Murmurs, were to thee
More than thoſe rude lines, a loud Elegy,

That

That did proclaim in a dumb Eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whose influence
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies.
So doth the swiftly-turning wheel, not stand
In th'instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some short time retains a faint weak course,
By vertue of the first impulsive force;
And so whilst I cast on thy funeral Pile
Thy crown of Bays, oh let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.
I will not draw the envy, to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all the loss,
Those are too numerous for one Elegy,
And tis too great to be exprest by me:
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,
I on thy Grave this Epitaph incize.
Here lies a King that rul'd as he thought fit
The Universal Monarchy of wit;
Here lies two Flamens, and both those the best,
Apollo's first, at last the true God's Priest.

In answer to an Elegiacal Letter upon the death of the King of Sweden *from* Aurelian Townlend, *inviting me to write on that subject.*

WHy dost thou sound, my dear *Aurelian*,
In so shrill actions from thy Barbican,
A loud Allarum to my drowsie Eyes,
Bidding them wake in Tears and Elegies
For might *Sweden's* fall? Alas! how may
My Lyrique feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of Love and Beauty, only know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious King, or his Majestick Hearse
Prophane with th'humble touch of their low verse?
Virgil, nor *Lucan*, no not *Tasso more*
Than both, not *Doune*, worth all that went before,
With the united labor of their wit
Could a just Poem to this subject fit;
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by Verse let him in Prose be prais'd,
In modest faithful story, which his deeds
Shall turn to Poems: when the next Age reads
Of *Frankfort*, *Leipsigh*, *Worsburgh*, of the *Rhyne*,
The *Leck*, the *Danube*, *Tilly*, *Wallestein*,

Bavaria

Bavaria, Dapenheim, Lutzenfield, where he
Gain'd after death a posthume victory,
They'l think his Acts things rather feign'd than don,
Like our Romances of the Knight o'th Sun.
Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
Who though to Annals he can not refer
His too-brief story, yet his journals may
Stand by the *Cesars* years, and every day
Cut into minutes, each shall more contain
Of great designment than an Emperors Raign;
And (since 'twas but his Church-yard) let him have
For his own ashes now no narrower Grave
Than the whole German Continents vast womb,
Whilst all her Cities do but make his Tomb.
Let us to supreme providence commit
The fate of Monarchs, which first thought it fit
To rend the Empire from the Austrian grasp,
And next from Swedens, even when he did clasp
Within his dying Arms the Soveraignty
Of all those Provinces, that men might see
The Divine wisdom would not leave that Land
Subject to any one Kings sole command.
Then let the Germans fear, if *Cesar* shall,
Or the United Princes, rise and fall,

But let us that in myrtle bowers ſit
Under ſecure ſhades uſe the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the bleſſed hand
Of our good King gives this obdurate Land,
Let us of Revels ſing, and let thy breath
(Which fill'd Fames trumpet with *Guſtavus* death,
Blowing his name to Heaven) gently inſpire
Thy paſt'ral pipe, till all our ſwains admire
Thy Song and Subject, whilſt they both compriſe
The Beauties of the *SHEPHERDS PARADISE*;
For who like thee (whoſe looſe diſcourſe is far
More neat and poliſht than our Poems are,
Whoſe very Gate's more graceful than our dance)
In ſweetly flowing numbers may advance
The glorious night: when not to act foul rapes,
Like birds, or beaſts, but in their Angel-ſhapes
A troop of Deities came down to guide
Our ſteerleſs barks in paſſions ſwelling tide
By vertues Card, and brought us from above
A pattern of their own celeſtial love
Nor lay it in dark ſullen precepts drownd,
But with rich fancy, and clear Action crownd
Through a myſterious fable (that was drawn
Like a tranſparantt veyl of pureſt Lawn

Before

Before their dazeling beauties) the Divine
Venus, did with her Heavenly *Cupid* ſhine:
The ſtories curious web, the Maſculine ſtile,
The ſubtle ſenſe, did Time and ſleep beguile,
Pinnion'd and charm'd they ſtood to gaze upon
Th' Angel-like forms, geſtures, and motion.
To hear thoſe raviſhing ſounds that did diſpence
Knowledge and Pleaſure, to the ſoul and ſenſe,
It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all ſpirit, his corporeal mold
Diſſected into Atomes melt away
To empty Air, and from the groſs allay
Of mixtures and compounding Accidents,
Refin'd to immaterial Elements.
But when the Queen of Beauty did inſpire
The Air with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
Breathing from her Celeſtial Organ ſweet
Harmonious notes, our ſouls fell at her feet,
And did with humble reverend Duty, more
Her rare perfections, than high ſtate adore.
Theſe harmleſs paſtimes let my *Townſend* ſing
To rural tunes; not that thy Muſe wants wing
To ſoar a loftier pitch, for ſhe hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th' Heroique ſhade

Above the reach of our faint flagging ryme;
But these are subjects proper to our clime,
Torneys, Masques, Theaters better become
Our Halcyon days; what though the German Drum
Bellow for freedom and revenge? the noise
Concerns not us, nor should divert our joys;
Nor ought the thunder of their Carabins
Drown the sweet Ayrs of our tun'd Violins;
Believe me friend, if their prevailing powers
Gain them a calm security like ours,
They'l hang their Arms upon the Olive bough,
And dance and revel then as we do now.

Upon Mr. W. Moutague *his return from travel.*

LEad the black Bull to slaughter, with the Bore
And Lamb, then purple with their mingled gore
The Oceans curled brow, that so we may
The Sea-Gods for their careful waftage pay:
Send grateful Incense up in pious smoak
To those mild spirits, that cast a curbing yoak
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wisht shore our long'd-for *Mountague*,
Then whilst the Aromatique odours burn,
In honour of their darlings safe return

The Muſes Quire ſhall thus with voice and hand,
Bleſs the fair Gale that drove his ſhip to land.

Sweetly breathing Vernal Ayr
That with kind warmth doeſt repair
Winters ruines, from whoſe breaſt
All the gums and ſpice of th' Eaſt
Borrow their perfumes, whoſe Eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the Sky,
Whoſe diſhelv'd treſſes ſhed
Pearls upon the Violet bed,
On whoſe brow with calm ſmiles dreſt
The Halcion ſits and builds her Neſt:
Beauty, Youth, and endleſs ſpring,
Dwell upon thy Roſie wing;
Thou, if ſtormy Boreas *throws*
Down whole Forreſts when he blows,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canſt refreſh the teeming Earth;
If he nip the early bud,
If he blaſt whats fair or good;
If he ſcatter our choice flowers,
If ſhe ſhake our hils or bowers;
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canſt ſtroak great Eolus

And

And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an Iron chain.

Thus, whilſt you deal your body 'mongſt your friends
And fill their circling arms, my glad ſoul ſends
This her embrace: thus we of *Delphos* greet,
As Lay-men claſp their hands, we joyn our feet,

To Maſter W. Mountague.

SIR, I Areſt you at your Countreys ſuit
Who as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich ſtock, which ſhe by Natures hand
Gave you in truſt, to th' uſe of this whole Land.
Next ſhe endites you of a Felony,
For ſtealing, what was her propriety:
Your ſelf, from hence, ſo ſeeking to convey
The publick Treaſure of the State away.
More, y'are accus'd of Oſtraciſme, the Fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian ſtate
On eminent vertue, but that curſe which they
Caſt on their men, you on your Countrey lay:
For, thus divided from your noble parts
This kingdom lives in exile, and all hearts
That reliſh worth, or honour, being rent
From your perfections, ſuffer baniſhment

These are your publick injuries; but I
Have a just private quarrel to defie
And call you Coward, thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
Till I redeem'd my honour; but I swear
By *Celia*'s Eyes, by the same force to tear
Your heart from you, or not to end this strife,
Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
But as in single fights it oft hath been
In that unequal equal tryal seen,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,
Came from the Combat oft too with the worst;
So if you foil me when we meet, I'll then
Give you fair leave to wound me so agen.

On the Marriage of T. K. *and* C. C. *the Morning stormy.*

SUch should this day be, so the Sun should hide
His bashful face, and let the conquering Bride
Without a Rival shine, whilst he forbears
To mingle his unequal beams with hers;
Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye
Between the parting clouds, 'tis but to spy,

Not emulate her Glores, ſo comes dreſt
In Veyles, but as a Masquer to the Feaſt:
Thus Heaven ſhould lowr, ſuch ſtormy guſts ſhould blow,
Not to denounce ungentle Fates, but ſhow
The cheerful Bridegroom to the Clouds and Wind,
Hath all his Tears and all his Sighs aſsign'd.
Let Tempeſts ſtruggle in the Air, but reſt
Eternal calms within thy peaceful Breſt.
Thrice happy Youth; but ever Sacrifice
To that fair Hand that dry'd thy blubber'd Eyes,
That Crown'd thy Head with Roſes, and turn'd all
The plagues of Love into a Cordial,
When firſt it joyn'd her Virgin ſnow to thine,
Which when to day the Prieſt ſhall recombine,
From the myſterious holy touch ſuch charms
Will flow, as ſhall unlock her wreathed Arms,
And open a free paſſage to that fruit
Which thou haſt toyld for with a long purſuit.
But ere thou feed, that thou mayſt better taſte
Thy preſent joys, think on thy torments paſt.
Think on the mercy freed thee, think upon
Her Vertues, Graces, Beauties, one by one,
So ſhalt thou reliſh all, enjoy the whole
Delights of her fair body, and pure ſoul;

Then boldly to the fight of Love proceed,
Tis mercy not to pity though she bleed,
We'l strew no nuts, but change that antient form,
For till to morrow we'l prorogue this storm.
Which shall confound with its loud whistling noise
Her pleasing shreeks, and fan thy panting joys.

For a Picture where the Queen laments over the Tomb of a slain Knight.

BRave Youth; to whom Fate in one hour
Gave Death and Conquest, by whose pow'r
Those chains about my heart are wound,
With which the foe my kingdom bound,
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either Act an offering;
For victory, this wreath of Bay;
Insign of thraldom, down I lay
Scepter and Crown: take from my sight
Those Royal Robes; since fortunes spight
Forbids me live thy vertues prize,
I'l dye thy valours sacrifice,

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

1.

NOw you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do?
Shall I your mirth, or passion move,
When I begin to wooe;
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too?

2.

Each petty Beauty can disdain, and I
Spight of your hate
Without your leave can see, and dye;
Dispence a nobler Fate,
Tis easie to destroy, you may create.

3.

Then give me leave to love and love me too
Not with design
To raise, as Loves curst Rebels doe,
When puling Poets whine,
Fame to their Beauty, from their blubber'd eyn.

4.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
Your Beauties rayes;
Joys are pure ſtreams, your Eyes appear
Sullen in ſadder lays,
In cheerful numbers they ſhine bright with praiſe.

5.

Which ſhall not mention to expreſs you fair
Wounds, Flames, and Darts,
Storms in your Brow, Nets in your Hair,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts,

6.

I'l make your Eyes like morning Suns appear,
As mild, and fair;
Your Brow as Chryſtal ſmooth, and clear.
And your diſhevel'd hair
Shall flow like a calm Region of the Air.

7.

Rich Nature's ſtore, (which is the Poets Treaſure)
I'l ſpend, to dreſs

Your Beauties, if your Mine of Pleasure
In equal thankfulness
You but unlock, so we each other bless.

Upon my Lord Chief Justice his Election of my Lady A. W. *for his Mistriss.*

1.

HEar this, and tremble all
Usurping Beauties, that create
A government Tyrannical
In Love's free state,
Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd Eyes
His equal ballance joyn'd, his sage head lies
In Love's soft Lap, which must be just and wise.

2.

Hark how the the stern Law breaths
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
No Fetters, but of Silken wreaths,
And braided Hairs;

His dreadful Rods and Axes are exil'd
Wh lſt he ſits crown'd with Roſes, Love hath fil'd
His native roughneſs, Juſtice is grown mild.

3.

The golden Age returns,
Loves Bow and Quiver, uſeleſs lye,
His ſhaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burns,
And cruelty
Is ſunk to Hell, the fair ſhall all be kind,
Who loves, ſhall be belov'd, the froward mind
To a deformed ſhape ſhall be confin'd.

4.

Aſtræa hath poſſeſt
An earthly ſeat, and now remains
In *Finch*'s heart. but *Wentworth*'s breſt
That Gueſt contains;
With her ſhe dwels, yet hath not left the skies,
Nor loſt her Sphere, for new enthron'd ſhe crys
I know no Heaven but fair *Wentworth*'s Eyes,

To A. D. *unreaſonable diſtruſtful of her own Beauty.*

FAir *Doris* break thy Glaſs, it hath perplext,
With a dark Comment, Beauties cleareſt Text;

It hath not told thy faces ſtory true,
But brought falſe Copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely ayr, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou maiſt read in thine, or juſtly doubt
Thy Glaſs hath been ſummon'd to leave it out.
But if it offer to thy nice ſurvay
A ſpot, a ſtain, a blemiſh, or decay,
It not belongs to thee, the treacherous light
Or faithleſs ſtone, abuſe thy credulous ſight,
Perhaps the magique of the face hath wrought
Upon th' enchanted Chryſtal, and ſo brought
Fantaſtick ſhadows to delude thine eyes
With airy repercuſsive ſorceries.
Or elſe th' enamoured Image pines away
For love of the fair object, and ſo may
Wax pale and wan, and though the ſubſtance grow
Lively and freſh, that may conſume with woe;
Give thou no faith to the falſe ſpecular ſtone,
But let thy Beauties by th' effects be known:
Look (ſweeteſt *Doris*) on my love-ſick heart,
In that true mirror ſee how fair thou art.
There, by Love's never-erring Penſil drawn
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawn

Shoot through the ſhady covert of thy hair,
Enameling and perfuming the calm Air
With Pearls and Roſes, till thy Suns diſplay
Their Lids, and let out the impriſon'd day.
Whilſt Delphique Prieſts, (enlightned by their Theme)
In amorous numbers count thy golden Beam,
And from Love's Altars clouds of ſighs ariſe
In ſmoaking Incenſe to adore thine Eyes.
If then Love flow from Beauty as th' effect,
How canſt thou the reſiſtleſs cauſe ſuſpect?
Who would not brand that Fool, that ſhould contend
There were no fire, where ſmoak and flames aſcend?
Diſtruſt is worſe than ſcorn, not to beleeve
My harms, is greater wrong than not to grieve;
What cure can for my feſtring ſore be found,
Whilſt thou beleev'ſt thy Beauty cannot wound?
Such humble thoughts more cruel Tyrants prove
Than all the pride that e'r uſurp'd in Love,
For Beauties Herald, here denounceth war,
There her falſe ſpies betray me to a ſnare.
If fire diſguis'd in Bals of ſnow were hurl'd
It unſuſpected might conſume the world;
Where our prevention ends, danger begins;
So Wolves in Sheeps, Lyons in Aſſes skins

Might far more miſchief work, becauſe leſs fear'd,
Thoſe, the whole ſtock, theſe might kill all the herd;
Appear then as thou art, break through this cloud,
Confeſs thy Beauty, though thou thence grow proud,
Be fair, though ſcornful, rather let me find
Thee cruel, than thus mild, and more unkind;
Thy cruelty doth only me defie,
But theſe dull thoughts thee to thy ſelf deny;
Whether thou mean to barter, or beſtow
Thy ſelf, 'tis fit thou thine own value know.
I will not cheat thee of thy ſelf, nor pay
Leſs for thee than th'art worth, thou ſhalt not ſay
That is but brittle glaſs, which I have found
By ſtrict enquiry a firm Diamond.
I'l trade with no ſuch Indian fool as ſels
Gold, Pearls, and precious Stones, for Beads and Bells;
Nor will I take a Preſent from your hand,
Which you, or prize not, or not underſtand;
It not endears your bounty that I do
Eſteem your gift, unleſs you do ſo too;
You undervalue me, when you beſtow
On me, what you nor care for, nor yet know.
No (Lovely *Doris*) change thy thoughts, and be
In Love firſt with thy ſelf, and then with me.

You are afflicted that you are not fair
And I as much tormented that you are;
What I admire, you ſcorn, what I love, hate;
Through different faiths, both ſhare an equal fate.
Faſt to the truth, which you renounce, I ſtick,
I die a Martyr, you an Heretique.

To my friend G. N. *from* Wreſt.

I Breath (ſweet *Ghibs:*) the temperate air of *Wreſt*
Where I, no more with raging ſtorms oppreſt,
Wear the cold nights out by the banks of *Tweed*,
On the bleak Mountains, where fierce tempeſts breed,
And everlaſting Winter dwels; where mild
Favonius, and the vernal winds exil'd,
Did never ſpread their wings: but the wild North
Brings ſteril Fearn, Thiſtles, and Brambles forth.
Here ſteep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant Earth,
Sends from her teeming womb a flowry birth,
And cheriſh'd with the warm Suns quickning heat,
Her porous boſome doth rich odours ſweat;
Whoſe perfumes through the Ambient ayr diffuſe
Such native Aromatiques, as we uſe
No forraign Gums, nor Eſſence, fetcht from farr,
No Volatile ſpirits, nor compounds that are

Adulterate

Adulterate, but at Natures cheap expence
With far more genuine ſweets refreſh the ſenſe,
Such pure and uncompounded beauties bleſs
This Manſion with an uſeful comelineſs,
Devoid of Art, for here the Architect
Did not with curious skill a Pile erect
Of carved Marble, Touch, or Prophecy,
But built a houſe for hoſpitality;
No ſumptuous Chimney-piece of ſhining ſtone
Invites the ſtrangers eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertains his ſight, but clear
And cheerful flames cheriſh and warm him here:
No Dorique, nor Corinthian Pillars grace
With Imagery this ſtructures naked face,
The Lord and Lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than ſeem in ſight;
Inſtead of Statues to adorn their wall,
They throng with living men their merry Hall,
Where at large Tables fill'd with wholſome meats
The Servant, Tenant, and kind Neighbor eats:
Some of that rank, ſpun of a finer thred,
Are with the Women, Steward, and Chaplain fed
With daintier cates; others of better note
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Heralds coat

Have ſever'd from the common, freely ſit
At the Lords Table, whoſe ſpread ſides admit
A large acceſs of friends to fill thoſe ſeats
Of his capacious ſickle, fill'd with meats
Of choiceſt relliſh, till his Oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up diſhes crack,
Nor think, becauſe our Pyramids, and high
Exalted Turrets threaten not the Sky,
That therefore *Wreſt* of narrowneſs complains
Or ſtreightned Walls, for ſhe more numerous Trains
Of noble gueſts daily receives, and thoſe
Can with far more conveniency dipoſe
Than prouder Piles, where the vain builder ſpent
More coſt in outward gay embelliſhment
Than real uſe: which was the ſole deſign
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for ſervice. *Amalthea*'s Horn
Of plenty is not in Effigie worn
Without the Gate, but ſhe within the door
Empties her free and unexhauſted ſtore.
Nor, crown'd with Wheaten wreaths, doth *Ceres* ſtand
In Stone, with a crook'd ſickle in her hand:
Nor on a Marble Tun, his face beſmear'd
With Grapes, is curl'd uncizard *Bacchus* rear'd.

We

We offer not in Emblems to the Eyes,
But to the taſte thoſe uſeful Deities.
We preſs the juycie God, and quaff his blood,
And grind the yellow Goddeſs into food.
Yet we decline not all the work of Art,
But where more bounteous Nature bears a part
And guides her Hand-maid, if ſhe but diſpenſe
Fit matter, ſhe with care and diligence
Employs her skill, for where the neighbour ſourſe
Pours forth her waters, ſhe directs her courſe,
And entertains the flowing ſtreams in time
And ſpacious Channels, where they ſlowly creep
In Snaky windings, as the ſhelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice ſurround
This Iſland Manſion, which i'th' Center plac'd,
Is with a double Chryſtal Heaven embrac'd,
In which our watry conſtellations float.
Our Fiſhes, Swans, our Waterman, and Boat,
Envy'd by thoſe above, which wiſh to ſlake
Their ſtar-burnt Limbs in our refreſhing Lake,
But they ſtick faſt nail'd to the barren Sphere,
Whilſt our encreaſe in fertile waters here,
Diſport, and wander freely where they pleaſe.
Within the circuit of our narrow Seas.

With various trees we fringe the waters brink,
Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink.
And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
Yield fruit, and shade, and Beauty to the banks:
On this side young *Vertumnus* sits, and courts
His ruddy-cheek'd *Pomona*, *Zephyre* sports
On th' other, with lov'd *Flora*, yielding there
Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
But did you taste the high and mighty drink
Which from that Fountain flows, you'ld surely think
The God of Wine did his plump clusters bring,
And crush the Falern Grape into our spring;
Or else disguis'd in watry Robes did swim
To *Ceres* bed, and make her beg of him,
Begetting so himself on her: for know
Our vintage here in *March* doth nothing owe
To theirs in *Autumn*, but our fire boyls here
As lusty liquor as the Sun makes there.
Thus I enjoy my self, and taste the fruit
Of this blest place, whilst toil'd in the pursuit
Of Bucks, and Stags, th' emblem of war you strive
To keep the memory of our Arms alive.

A Newyears gift.

To the King.

LOok back old *Janus*, and ſurvey
From Time's birth, till this ne w-born day,
All the ſucceſsful ſeaſon bound
With Lawrel wreaths, and Trophies crown'd;
Turn o'r the Annals paſt, and where
Happy auſpicious days appear,
Mark'd with the whiter ſtone, that caſt
On the dark brow of th' ages paſt
A dazeling luſtre, let them ſhine
In this ſucceeding circles twine,
Till it be round with Glories ſpread,
Then with it crown our *GHARLES* his head,
That we th' enſuing year may call
One great continu'd Feſtival.
Freſh joys in varied forms apply,
To each diſtinct captivity.
Seaſon his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugal delights,
May the choice Beauties that enflame
His Royal breaſt be ſtill the ſame,

And he ſtill think them ſuch, ſince more
Thou canſt not give from Natures ſtore;
Then as a Father let him be
With numerous iſſue bleſt, and ſee
The fair and God-like off-ſpring grown
From budding Stars to Suns full blown.
Circle with peaceful Olive boughs,
And conquering Bays, his Regal brows:
Let his ſtrong vertues overcome,
And bring him bloodleſs Trophies home:
Strew all the pavements, where he treads,
With loyal hearts, or Rebels heads:
But Byfront, open thou no more,
In his bleſt raign, the Temple dore.

To the Queen.

THou great Commandreſs, that doſt move
Thy Scepter o'r the Crown of Love,
And through his Empire with the awe
Of thy chaſte beams, doſt give the Law,
From his prophaner Altars, we
Turn to adore thy Deity:
He only can wild Luſt provoke,
Thou, thoſe impurer flames canſt choak;

And where he ſcatters looſer fires,
Thou turn'ſt them into chaſte deſires:
His kingdom knows no rule but this,
What ever pleaſeth lawful is;
Thy ſacred Lord ſhews us the path
Of Modeſty and conſtant Faith,
Which makes the rude Male ſatisfied
With one fair Female by his ſide;
Doth either Sex to each unite,
And forme Love's pure Hermorphradite.
To this thy Faith, behold the wild
Satyr already reconcil'd,
Who from the influence of thine Eye
Hath ſuckt the deep Divinity;
O free them then, that they may teach
The Centaure and the Horſeman, preach
To Beaſts and Birds, ſweetly to reſt
Each in his proper Lare and neſt:
They ſhall convey it to the floud,
Till there thy Law be underſtood;
So ſhalt thou with thy pregnant fire,
The Water, Earth, and Air, inſpire.

To the New year, for the Countess of Carlisle.

GIve *Lucinda* Pearl, nor Stone,
Lend them light who else have none,
Let her beauty shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the *East*,
For the Phœnix in her Breast
Builds his Funeral Pile, and Nest.

No rich tyre thou canst invent,
Shall to grace her forme be sent,
She adorns all ornament.

Give her nothing, but restore
Those sweet smiles which heretofore
In her cheerful Eyes she wore.

Drive those envious clouds away,
Veils that have o'r-cast my day,
And eclips'd her brighter ray,

Let the Royal Goth mow down
This years harvest with his own
Sword, and spare *Lucinda*'s frown.

Janus, if when next I trace
Thoſe ſweet lines, I in her face
Read the Charter of my grace,

Then from bright *Apollo*'s tree,
Such a Garland wreath'd ſhall be,
As ſhall Crown both her and thee.

To my honoured friend, Maſter Thomas May, *upon his Comedy* The Heir.

THe Heir being born, was in his tender age
Rock'd in the Cradle of a private Stage,
Where lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the firſt day fairly ſtand.
Since having gather'd ſtrength, he dares preſer
His ſteps into the publick Theater
The world: where he diſpairs not but to find
A doom from men more able, not leſs kind.
I but his Uſher am, yet if my word
May paſs, I dare be bound he will afford
Things muſt deſerve a welcome, if well known,
Such as beſt writers would have wiſh'd their own.

You ſhall obſerve his words in order meet,
And ſoftly ſtealing on with equal feet
Slide into even numbers, with ſuch grace
As each word had been moulded for that place.
You ſhall perceive an amorous paſsion, ſpun
Into ſo ſmooth a web, as had the Sun
When he purſu'd the ſwiftly flying Maid,
Courted her in ſuch language, ſhe had ſtaid.
A Love ſo well expreſt, muſt be the ſame
The Author felt himſelf from his fair flame:
The whole plot doth alike it ſelf diſcloſe
Through the Five Acts, as doth the Lock that goes
With Letters, for till every one be known,
The Lock's as faſt as if you had found none;
And where his ſportive Muſe doth draw a thred
Of mirth, chaſte Matrons may not bluſh to read.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
My want of Art (dear friend) than to conceal
My love. It did appear I did not mean
So to commend thy well-wrought Comick-Scene,
As men might judge my aime rather to be,
To gain praiſe to my ſelf, than give it thee;
Though I can give thee none, but what thou haſt
Deſerv'd and what muſt my faint breath out-laſt.

Yet was this garment (though I skilleſs be,
To take thy meaſure) only made for thee,
And if it prove too ſcant, 'tis cauſe the ſtuff
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

To my worthy friend Maſter George Sands, *on his Tranſlation of the Pſalms.*

I Preſs not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwaſht Muſe pollutes not things Divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;
Here, humbly waiting at the porch ſhe ſtays,
And with glad ears ſucks in thy ſacred lays.
So, devout Penitents of old were wont,
Some without door, and ſome beneath the Font,
To ſtand and hear the Churche's Liturgies,
Yet not aſsiſt the ſolemn exerciſe:
Sufficeth her, that ſhe a lay-place gain,
To trim thy veſtments, or but bear thy train;
Though nor in tune, nor wing, ſhe reach thy Lark,
Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Ark.
Who knows, but that her wandring Eyes that run,
Now hunting Glow-worms, may adore the Sun,

A pure flame may, ſhot by Almighty pow'r
Into her breſt, the earthy flame devour.
My eyes, in penitential dew may ſteep
That brine, which they for ſenſual love did weep.
So (though 'gainſt Natures courſe) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht;
Perhaps my reſtleſs ſoul, tyr'd with purſuit
Of mortal beauty, ſeeking without fruit
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quencht all her thirſt, nor ſatisfy'd, though cloy'd;
Weary of her vain ſearch below, above
In the firſt fair may find th'immortal Love.
Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of Clay will I my God adore;
But tear thoſe Idols from my heart, and write
What his bleſt ſpirit, not fond Love, ſhall indite;
Then I no more ſhall court the verdant Bay,
But the dry leaveleſs Trunk on *Golgotha*;
And rather ſtrive to gain from thence one Thorn,
Than all the flouriſhing wreaths by Laureats worn.

To my much honoured friend, Henry *Lord* Cary *of* Lepington, *upon his Tranſlation of* Malvezzi.

My Lord,

IN every trivial work 'tis known
Tranſlators muſt be Maſters of their own,
And of their Authors language, but your task
A greater latitude of skill did ask.
For your *Malvezzi* firſt requir'd a man
To teach him ſpeak vulgar *Italian*:
His matter's ſo ſublime, ſo now his phraſe,
So far above the ſtile of *Bemboe's* days,
Old *Varchie's* rules, or what the Truſca yet
For currant Truſcan mintage will admit,
As I beleeve your Marqueſs, by a good
Part of his Natives hardly underſtood.
You muſt expect no happier fate, 'tis true
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts, nor words fit common ears,
He Writes, and you Tranſlate both to your Peers.

To my worthy Friend, Master D'avenant, *upon his excellent Play,* The Just Italian.

I'L not mispend in praise, the narrow room
I borrow in this leaf; the Garlands bloom
From thine own seeds, that crown each glorious page
Of thy triumphant work; the sullen age
Requires a Satyre. What starre guides the soul
Of these our froward times, that dare controul,
Yet dare not learn to judge? when didst thou fly
From hence, clear, candid ingenuity?
I have beheld, when pearch'd on the smooth brow
Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow
Applause to slighter works; but then the weak
Spectator, give the knowing leave to speake.
Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry, spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him, reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soul with scorn, and pity: mark the places
Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head, they'l be
A Scene of mirth, a double Comedy.

But

But thy ſtrong fancies (raptures of the brain,
Dreſt in Poetick flames) they entertain
As a bold, impious reach; for they'l ſtill ſlight
All that exceeds Red Bull, and Cockpit flight.
Theſe are the men in crouded heaps that throng
To that adulterate ſtage, where not a tongue
Of th' untun'd Kennel, can a line repeat
Of ſerious ſenſe, but the Lips meet like meat;
Whilſt the true brood of Actors, that alone
Keep natural unſtrain'd action in her throne
Behold their Benches bare, though they reherſe
The terſer *Beaumont*'s or great *Johnſon*'s verſe.
Repine not thou then, ſince this churliſh fate
Rules not the ſtage alone; perhaps the *State*
Hath felt this rancor, where men great and good,
Have by the Rabble been miſ-underſtood.
So was thy Play; whoſe clear, yet lofty ſtrain,
Wiſe men, that govern Fate, ſhall entertain.

To the Reader of Mr. Wil. Davenant's *Play.*

IT hath been ſaid of old, that Plays are Feaſts,
Poets the Cooks, and the Spectatators Gueſts,

The Actors. Waitors: from this Simily,
Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty
To use their judgements as their Tastes, which chuse
Without controul, this Dish, and that refuse:
But Wit allows not this large priviledge,
Either you must confess or feel its edge;
Nor shall you make a currant inference
If you transfer your reason to your sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appear
To every piercing Eye, or well-tun'd Ear.
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my taste meet:
Both must agree, this meat's, or sharp, or sweet:
But if I sent a stench, or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: so you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humorous Play,
If, though the kind distaste or please, the good
And bad, be by your Judgement understood:
But if, as in this Play, where with delight
I feast my Epicurean Appetite
With relishes so curious, as dispence
The utmost pleasure to the ravisht sense,
You should profess that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste, either with sharp or sweet,

But cry out, 'tis insipid; your bold Tongue
May do it's Master, not the Author wrong;
For Men of better Pallat will by it
Take the just elevation of your wit.

To my Friend, WIL. D'AVENANT.

I Crowded 'mongst the first, to see the Stage
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancy dazled; where each Scene
Wrought like a charm, and forc't the audience lean
To th' passion of thy Pen; thence Ladies went
(Whose absence Lovers sigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind scorn; and Courties who by Art
Made love before, with a converted heart,
To wed those Virgins, whom they woo'd t' abuse;
Both rendred *Hymen*'s pros'lites by thy Muse.
But others who were proof 'gainst Love did sit
To learn the subtle Dictates of thy Wit;
And as each profited, took his degree,
Master, or Batchelor, in Comedy.
We, of th' adult'rate mixture not complain,
But thence more Characters of Vertue gain;

More

More pregnant Patterns of tranſcendent worth,
Than barren and inſipid Fruit brings forth:
So, oft the Baſtard nobler fortune meets,
Than the dull iſſue of the lawful ſheets.

The Compariſon.

DEareſt, thy treſſes are not threds of Gold,
Thy Eyes of Diamonds, nor do I hold
Thy Lips for Rubies: thy fair Cheeks to be
Freſh Roſes, or thy Teeth of Ivory.
Thy Skin that doth thy dainty Body ſheath,
Not Alablaſter is, nor doſt thou breath
Arabian odours, thoſe the Earth brings forth,
Compar'd with which, would but impair thy worth.
Such may be others Miſtreſſes, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all Divine.
Thy treſſes are thoſe rays that do ariſe
Not from one Sun, but Two; ſuch are thy Eyes;
Thy Lips congealed Nectar are, and ſuch,
As but a Deity, there's none dare touch;
The perfect crimſon that thy Cheek doth cloath
(But only that it far exceeds them both)
Aurora's bluſh reſembles, or that red
That *Iris* ſtruts in when her Mantle's ſpred;

Thy

Thy Teeth in white doe *Leda*'s Swan exceed,
Thy Skin's a heavenly and immortal weed,
And when thou breath'ſt, the winds are ready ſtrait
To filch it from thee, and do therefore wait
Cloſe at thy Lips, and ſnatching it from thence
Bear it to Heaven, where tis *Joves* frankincenſe.
Fair Goddeſs, ſince thy feature makes the one,
Yet be not ſuch for theſe reſpects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as fair, as good, as true.

The Enquiry.

AMongſt the Myrtles as I walk't
Love and my ſighs thus intertalk't,
Tell me (ſaid I in deep diſtreſs)
Where may I find my ſhepherdeſs?

Thou fool (ſaid Love) knowſt thou not this
In every thing that's good ſhe is;
In yonder Tulip goe and ſeek,
There thou mayſt find her Lip, her Cheek.

In yon ennamel'd Panſie by,
There thou ſhalt have her curious Eye;

In bloom of Peach, in Rosie bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

In brightest Lillies that there stands,
The emblems of her whiter hands.
In yonder rising hill there smels
Such sweets as in her bosome dwels.

'Tis true (said I) and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one
To make of parts a union;
But on a suddain all was gone.

With that I stopt, said Love these be
(Fond man) resemblances of thee,
And as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an Eye:
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets, thus knit together.

The Spark.

MY first Love whom all Beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppresst it with her scorn,

Sun-

Sun-lik to Tinder in my breaſt it lies,
By every ſparkle made a ſacrifice.
Each wanton Eye now kindles my deſire,
And that is free to all that was entire:
Deſiring more by thee (deſire) I loſt,
As thoſe that in conſumptions hunger moſt,
And now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one Woman, but to woman-kind;
This for her ſhape I Love, that for her Face,
This for her geſture, or ſome other grace,
And where I none of theſe do uſe to find,
I chooſe there by the Kernel not the Rind:
And ſo I hope ſince firſt my hopes are gone,
To find in many what I loſt in one;
And like to Merchants after ſome great loſs,
Trade by retail, that cannot now in groſs.
The fault is hers that made me go aſtray,
He needs muſt wander that hath loſt his way.
Guiltleſs I am, ſhe did this change provoke,
And made that Charcoal which to her was Oak:
And as a Looking-Glaſs from the aſpect,
Whilſt it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
But being crackt or broken, there are ſhown
Many half-faces, which at firſt were one;

So Love unto my Heart did firſt prefer
Her Image, and there planted none but her,
But ſince 'twas broke and martyr'd by her ſcorn,
Many leſs faces in her face are born;
Thus like to Tinder am I prone to catch
Each falling ſparkle, fit for any match.

The Complement.

O My deareſt I ſhall grieve thee
When I ſwear, yet ſweet beleeve me,
By thine Eyes the tempting book
On which even crabbed old men look,
I ſwear to thee, (though none abhor them)
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that fair,
Rich fan of thy moſt curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threds of Lawn,
And are ſofter than the leaves
On which the ſubtle ſpinner weaves.

I do not love thee for thoſe flow'rs
Growing on thy cheeks (loves bow'rs)

Though

Though ſuch cunning them hath ſpread
None can paint their White and Red:
Loves Golden Arrows thence are ſhot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for thoſe ſoft
Red corral Lips I've kiſt ſo oft;
Nor Teeth of Pearl, the double guard
To Speech, whence Muſick ſtill is heard:
Though from thoſe Lips a kiſs being taken,
Might Tyrants melt and Death awaken.

I do not love thee (O my faireſt)
For that richeſt, for that rareſt
Silver pillar which ſtands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder;
Though that neck be whiter far,
Than Tow'rs of poliſht Ivory are.

I do not love thee for thoſe Mountains
Hill'd with Snow, whence milky Fountains
(Sugar'd ſweets, as ſirrop'd berries)
Muſt one day run through pipes of Cherries;

O how much those breasts do move me!
Yet for them I do not love thee.

I do not love thee for that belly,
Sleek as Satten, soft as jelly,
Though within that Crystal round
Heaps of Treasure might be found,
So rich, that for the best of them,
A King might leave his Diadem.

I do not love thee for those thighs,
Whose Alablaster rocks do rise
So high and even that they stand
Like Sea-marks to some happy Land;
Happy are those Eyes have seen them;
More happy they that sail between them.

I love thee not for thy moist palm,
Though the dew thereof be balm:
Nor for thy pretty Leg and Foot;
Although it be the precious root
On which the goodly Cedar grows,
(Sweet) I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit though pure and quick,
Whose substance no Arithmerick
Can number down: nor for those charms
Mask'd in thy embracing arms;
Though in them one night to lye,
Dearest, I would gladly die.

I love not for those Eyes, nor hair,
Nor Cheeks, nor Lips, nor Teeth so rare.
Nor for thy Speech, thy Neck, nor Breast,
Nor for thy Belly, nor the rest:
Nor for thy Hand, nor Foot so small,
But wouldst thou know (dear sweet) for all.

On sight of a Gentlewomans face in the water.

STand still you floods, do not deface
That Image which you bear:
So Votaries from every place,
To you shall Altars rear.

No winds but Lovers sighs blow here
To trouble these glad streams,
On which no Star from any Sphere
Did ever dart such beams.

To Chriſtal then in haſte congeal;
Leſt you ſhould loſe your bliſs:
And to my cruel fair reveal,
How cold, how hard ſhe is.

But if the envious Nymphs ſhall fear
Their Beauties will be ſcorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd,

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may deſpiſe:
And from your froth we ſoon ſhall ſee,
A ſecond *Venus* riſe.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove *beſtows,*
When June *is paſt, the fading Roſe:*
For in your Beauties orient deep,
Theſe Flow'rs as in their cauſes ſleep.

Ask me no more whither doe ſtray
The golden Atomes of the day:
For in pure love Heaven did prepare
Theſe powders to inrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haſte
The Nightingale, when May *is paſt:*
For in your ſweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where thoſe ſtars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night:
For in your eyes they ſit, and there
Fixed *become as in their ſphere.*

Ask me no more if Eaſt *or* Weſt,
The Phenix builds her ſpicy neſt:
For unto you at laſt ſhe flies,
And in your fragrant boſome dies.

SONG.

WOuld you know what's ſoft? I dare
Not bring you to the Down, or Ayr:
Nor to Stars to ſhew what's bright,
Nor to Snow to teach you white.

Nor if you would Muſick hear,
Call the orbs to take your Ear:
Nor to pleaſe your ſenſe, bring forth
Bruiſed Nard, or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac't,
Bring you Nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my Mistriss, and tis done.

The second Rapture.

NO worldling, no, tis not thy Gold,
Which thou dost use but to behold,
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
That makes thee happy; these things be
But shadows of felicity;
Give me a wench about thirteen,
Already voted to the Queen
Of Lust and Lovers, whose soft hair,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle air,
O'r-spreads her shoulders like a Tent,
And is her Vail and Ornament;
Whose tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged, and the good;
Whose kisses, fastned to the mouth
Of threescore years and longer slouth,
Renew the age; and whose bright Eye
Obscures those lesser lights of Sky;

Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
That snow, that never melts at all)
Makes *Jove* invent a new disguise,
In spite of *Juno's* jealousies;
Whose every part doth re-invite
The old decayed appetite;
And in whose sweet embraces I
May melt my self to lust, and die.
This is true bliss, and I confess,
There is no other happiness.

The Hue and Cry.

IN Love's name you are charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy Hue and Cry
After a face which t' other day,
Stole my wandring heart away.
To direct you these, in brief,
Are ready marks to know the thief.
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive *Jove*
In his Eagle shape; her brow
Is a comely field of snow;
Her Eye so rich, so pure a gray,
Every beam creates a day;

And if she but sleep (not when
The Sun sets) 'tis night agen;
In her cheeks are to be seen,
Of flowers both the King and Queen;
Thither by the graces led,
And freshly laid in Nuptial bed,
On whom Lips like Nymphs do wait,
Who deplore their Virgin state,
Oft they blush, and blush for this,
That they one another kiss:
But observe besides the rest,
You shall know this Fellon best,
By her tongue, for if your ear
Once a heavenly Musick hear,
Such as neither Gods nor Men,
But from that voice, shall hear agen,
That, that is she. O strait surprize
And bring her unto Love's assize:
If you let her goe, she may
Antedate the latter day,
Fate and Philosophy control,
And leave the world without a soul.

To his Miſtriſs confined.

SONG.

O *Think not* Phœbe, *cauſe a cloud*
Doth now thy Silver brightneſs ſhrowd,
My wandring Eye
Can ſtoop to common Beauties of the Sky.
Rather be kind, and this Eclipſe,
Shall neither hinder Eye nor Lips,
For we ſhall meet,
With our hearts, and kiſs, and none ſhall ſee't,
Nor canſt thou in thy priſon be,
Without ſome living ſigne of me;
When thou doſt ſpy
A Sun-beam peep into the room, tis I,
For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee ſee
In what a Martyrdom I burn for thee.
When thou doſt touch thy Lute, thou mayeſt
Think on my heart on which thou playeſt:
When each ſad tone,
Upon the ſtrings doth ſhew my deeper groan.

When

When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble Ayrs, struck to the sound
Of thy own voice;
O think how much I tremble and rejoyce.

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy Arras wall, but well
Resembles me.
No matter though our age do not agree,
Love can make old, as well as Time,
And he that doth but Twenty climb,
If he dare prove
As true as I, shews fourscore years in love.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant year:
Ask me why I send to you,
This Primrose all be-pearl'd with dew,
I strait will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears;

× This is printed amongst Herricks poems p. 243. 16[illegible]
From an allegation, as I take it from its greater

Ask

Ask me why this flow'r doth ſhow,
So yellow, green, and ſickly too;
Ask me why the ſtalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I muſt tell you theſe diſcover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

The Tinder.

OF what mould did Nature frame me?
Or was it here intent to ſhame me,
That no Woman can come neer me,
Fair, but her I court to hear me?
ſure that Miſtriſs to whoſe Beauty
Firſt I paid a Lovers duty,
Burnt in rage my heart to Tinder;
That nor Prayers, nor Tears can hinder;
But where ever I do turn me,
Every ſpark let fall doth burn me.
Women ſince you thus inflame me,
Flint and ſteel I'l ever name ye.

A Song.

IN her fair cheeks two pits do lie,
To bury thoſe ſlain by her Eye,

So ſpight of death this comforts me,
That fairly buried I ſhall be :
My Grave with Roſe and Lilly ſpread.
O tis a life to be ſo dead.
Come then and kill me with thy Eye,
For if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold thoſe Lips again,
Reviving what thoſe Eyes have ſlain,
With kiſſes ſweet, whoſe balſom pure,
Loves wounds as ſoon as made, can cure
Me thinks tis ſickneſs to be ſound,
And there's no health to ſuch a wound.
Come then, &c.

When in her chaſte breaſt I behold,
Thoſe Downy Mounts of Snow ne'r cold,
And thoſe bleſt hearts her Beauty kils,
Reviv'd by climing thoſe fair hils ;
Me thinks there's life in ſuch a death,
And ſo t' expire, inſpires new breath.
Come then, &c.

Nymph ſince no death is deadly, where
Such choice of Antidotes are neer,

And

And your keen Eyes but kill in vain
Those that are sound, as soon as slain,
That I no longer dead survive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In Cupid's *Cave, where happy I*
May dying live, and living dye.
Come then and kill me with thy Eye,
For if thou let me live, I die.

The Carver.

To his Mistriss.

A Carver having lov'd too long in vain
Hew'd out the portaiture of *Venus* Sun
In Marble Rock, upon the which did rain
Small drisling drops that from a Fount did run.
Imagining the drops would either wear
His fury out, or quench his living flame;
But when he saw it bootless did appear,
He swore the water did augment the same.
So I that seek in Verse to carve thee out,
Hoping thy Beauty will my flame allay,
Viewing my lines impolisht all throughout,
Find my Will rather then my Love obey:

That

That with the Carver I my work do blame,
Finding it ſtill th' augmenter of my flame.

To the Painter.

FOnd man that hop'ſt to catch that face,
With thoſe falſe colours, whoſe ſhort grace
Serves but to ſhew the lookers on
The faults of thy preſumption;
Or at the leaſt to let us ſee,
That is Divine, but yet not ſhe.
Say you could imitate the rayes
Of thoſe Eyes that out-ſhine the days,
Or counterfeit in Red and White
That moſt uncounterfeited light
Of her complexion, yet canſt thou,
(Great Maſter though thou be) tell how
To print a vertue? then deſiſt,
This fair your Artifice hath miſt:
You ſhould have markt how ſhe begins
To grow in vertue, not in ſins;
Inſtead of that ſame Roſie Die,
You ſhould have drawn out Modeſty,

Whoſe

Whose Beauty sits enthroned there,
And learns to look and blush at her.
Or can you colour just the same,
When vertue blushes, or when shame,
When sickness, and when innocence,
Shews pale or white unto the sense?
Can such course varnish e'r be fed
To imitate her White and Red?
This may do well elsewhere in *Spain*,
Among those Faces Dy'd in Grain,
So you may thrive, and what you do,
Prove the best Picture of the two.
Besides (if all I hear be true)
'Tis taken ill by some, that you
Should be so insolently vain,
As to contrive all that rich gain
Into one Tablet, which alone
May teach us superstition,
Instructing our amazed Eyes,
T'admire and worship Imag'ries.
Such as quickly might out-shine
Some new Saint, wer't allow'd a shrine,
And turn each wandring looker on,
Into a new *Pigmaleon*:

Yet your Art cannot equalize.
This Picture in her Lovers Eyes.
His Eyes the pencils are which Limb
Her truly, as hers copy him,
His heart the Tablet, which alone,
Is for that portraict the tru'ſt ſtone,
If you would a truer ſee,
Mark it in their poſterity,
And you ſhall read it truly there,
When the glad world ſhall ſee their Heir.

Loves Courtſhip.

KIſs lovely *Celia* and be kind,
Let my deſires freedom find,
Sit there down
And we will make the Gods confeſs,
Mortals enjoy ſome happineſs.

Mars would diſdain his Miſtriſs charms,
If he beheld thee in my arms,
And deſcend.
Thee his mortal Queen to make,
Or live as mortal for thy ſake,

Venus must lose her Title now,
And leave to brag of *Cupid*'s bow;
Silly Queen,
She hath but one, but I can spy,
Ten thousand *Cupids* in thy Eye.

Nor may the Sun behold our bliss,
For sure thy Eyes do dazle his
If thou fear.
That he'll betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipse thee from his sight.

And while I shade thee from his Eye,
Oh let me hear thee gently cry,
Celia yields.
Maids often lose their Maidenhead,
Ere they set foot in Nuptial bed.

On a Damask-Rose sticking upon a Ladies breast.

LEt pride grow big, my Rose, and let the clear
And Damask colour of thy leaves appear.

Let Scent and Looks be ſweet, and bleſs that hand
That did tranſplant thee to that ſacred land.
O happy thou that in that Garden reſts,
That Paradiſe between that Ladies breaſts:
There's an eternal Spring, there ſhalt thou lie,
Betwixt two Lilly Mounts, and never die.
There ſhalt thou ſpring among the fertile vallies,
By buds like thee that grow in midſt of allies.
There none dare pluck thee, for that place is ſuch,
That but a god divine, there's none dare touch,
If any but approach, ſtrait doth ariſe
A bluſhing lightning flaſh, and blaſts his Eyes.
There 'ſtead of Rain, ſhall living Fountains flow,
For wind her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as earſt, one Sun ſhall on thee ſhine,
But thoſe two glorious Suns, her Eyes Divine.
O then what Monarch would not think't a grace,
To leave his Regal Throne to have thy place.
My ſelf to gain thy bleſſed ſeat do vow
Would be transform'd into a Roſe as thou.

The Proteſtation, a Sonnet.

NO more ſhall Meads be deckt with Flowers,
Nor ſweetneſs dwell in Roſie Bowers;

Nor greeneſt buds on Branches ſpring,
Nor warbling Birds delight to ſing,
Nor April *Violets paint the Grove,*
If I forſake my Celia's *love.*

The Fiſh ſhall in the Ocean burn,
And Fountains *ſweet ſhall bitter turn,*
The humble Oak no Flood ſhall know
When Floods ſhall higheſt Hills o'r-flow;
Black Læthe *ſhall oblivion leave,*
If e'r my Celia *I deceive.*

Love ſhall his Bow and Shaft lay by,
And Venus *Doves want wings to fly,*
The Sun refuſe to ſhew his light,
And day ſhall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no Star appear,
If once I leave my Celia *dear.*

Love ſhall no more inhabit earth,
Nor Lovers more ſhall love for Worth,
Nor joy above in Heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor ſouls in Hell;
Grim death no more ſhall horrid prove,
If e'r I leave bright Celia's *Love.*

The Tooth-ach cured by a kiſs.

FAte's now grown merciful to men,
Turning diſeaſe to bliſs:
For had not kind Rheum vext me then,
I might not *Celia* kiſs.
Phyſicians you are now my ſcorn:
For I have found a way
To cure diſeaſes (when forlorn
By your dull Art) which may
Patch up a body for a time,
But can reſtore to health,
No more than Chymiſts can ſublime
True Gold, the Indies wealth.
The Angel ſure that us'd to move
The pool, men ſo admir'd,
Hath to her Lip the Seat of Love,
As to his Heaven retir'd.

To the jealous Miſtriſs.

ADmit (thou Darling of mine Eyes)
I have ſome Idol lately fram'd:
That under ſuch a falſe diſguiſe,
Our true loves might the leſs be fam'd,

Canſt

Canſt thou that knoweſt my heart ſuppoſe,
I'l fall from thee, and worſhip thoſe.

Remember (dear) how loath and ſlow
I was to caſt a look or ſmile,
Or one love-line to miſ-beſtow,
Till thou hadſt chang'd both face and ſtile,
And art thou grown afraid to ſee,
That Mask put on thou mad'ſt for me?

I dare not call thoſe childiſh fears,
Coming from Love, much leſs from thee,
But waſh away with frequent tears
This counterfeit Idolatry.
And henceforth kneel at ne'r a ſhrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

The Dart.

OFt when I look, I may deſcry
A little face peep through that Eye;
Sure that's the boy, which wiſely choſe
His throne among ſuch beams as thoſe,
Which if his quiver chance to fall,
May ſerve for Darts to kill withal.

The Miſtake.

WHen on fair *Celia* I did ſpy
A wounded heart of ſtone,
The wound had almoſt made me cry,
Sure this heart was my own.

But when I ſaw it was enthron'd
In her celeſtial breaſt:
O then! I it no ſonger own'd,
For mine was ne'r ſo bleſt.

Yet if in higheſt heavens do ſhine
Each conſtant Martyrs heart:
Then ſhe may well give reſt to mine,
That for her ſake doth ſmart.

Where ſeated in ſo high a bliſs,
Though wounded, it ſhall live:
Death enters not in Paradiſe,
The place free life doth give.

Or if the place leſs ſacred were,
Did but her ſaving Eye

Bath my ſick heart in one kind tear,
Then ſhould I never Dye.

Slight balms may heal a ſlighter ſore,
No medicine leſs *Divine*
Can ever hope for to reſtore
A wounded heart like mine.

To my Lord Admiral, on his late ſickneſs, and recovery.

WIth joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade
Orpheus returning from th' Elyſian ſhade,
Embrace the Heroe, and his ſtay implore,
Make it their publick ſute he would no more
Deſert them ſo, and for his Spouſes ſake,
His vaniſht love, tempt the Lethæan Lake;
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Which ſhall the fair *Euridice* ſucceed;
Euridice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes liſtning Trees, and ſavage Mountains groan,
Through all the Ayr, his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that, which touch'd our hearts of late,

Your

Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the main,
When the glad news, that you were Admiral,
Scarce through the Nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our Great *Charles*, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Should be perplexed how to chuſe a new:
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,
That in our Age ſuch ſenſe of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.
Nature, her faireſt light eclipſed, ſeems
Her ſelf to ſuffer in theſe ſad extremes,
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threatned, and the ſap, in thee
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree,
Their Beauties they, and we our love ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health intend;
As Lillies over-charg'd with Rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven contend,
Fold thee within their ſnowy Arms, and cry,
He is too faultleſs, and too young to die:
So like immortals, round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.

Who

Who would not languiſh by ſo fair a train
To be lamented and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoul would goe
Though to the Bleſt? O'r young *Adonis* ſo
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious ſhowr
Of her warm tears cheriſht the ſpringing flower.
The next ſupport, fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond Pillar of that noble frame,
By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſues thee to thy grave,
And now relentleſs Fate about to end
The line, which backward doth ſo far extend
That antick ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes,
Kind *Phœbus* interpoſing, bade me ſtay,
Such ſtormes no more ſhall ſhake that houſe, but ſay,
Like *Neptune* and his *Sea*-born Neece ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the Land and Sea,
With courage guard, and beauty warm our age
And Lovers fill with like Poetick rage.

On Miſtriſs N. *to the Green ſickneſs.*

STay coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale ſiſter, beauties field,

Who

Who there diſplaying round her white
Enſignes, hath uſurp'd thy night;
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The Lip, where thou ſhouldſt rule alone;
And on the cheek, where natures care
Allotted each an equal ſhare,
Her ſpreading Lilly only grows,
Whoſe milky deluge drowns thy Roſe.
Quit not the field, faint blood, nor ruſh
In the ſhort ſally of a bluſh
Upon thy ſiſter foe, but ſtrive,
To keep an endleſs war alive;
Though peace doe petty States maintain,
Here war alone makes Beauty raign.

Upon a Mole in Celia's *boſome.*

THat lovely ſpot which thou doſt ſee
In *Celia*'s boſome was a Bee,
Who built her amorous ſpicy neſt
I' th' Hyblas of her either breaſt,
But from cloſe Ivory Hives, ſhe flew
To ſuck the Aromatick dew
Which from the neighbor vale diſtils,
Which parts thoſe two twin-ſiſter hills,

There

There feasting on Ambrosial meat,
A rowling file of Balmy sweat,
(As in soft murmurs before death,
Swan-like she sung) choakt up her breath.
So she in water did expire,
More precious than the Phœnix fire;
Yet still her shadow there remains
Confin'd to those Elizian Plains;
With this strict Law, that who shall lay
His bold lips on that milky way,
The sweet and smart, from thence shall bring
Of the Bees Honey, and her sting.

An Hymeneal Song on the Nuptials of the Lady *Anne Wentworth*, and the Lord *Lovelace*.

BReak not the slumbers of the Bride,
But let the Sun in triumph ride,
Scattering his beamy light,
When she awakes, he shall resign
His Rayes: and she alone shall shine
In Glory all the night.

For she till day return, must keep
An amorous Vigil, and not steep
Her fair Eyes in the dew of sleep.

Yet gently whisper as she lies,
And say her Lord waits her uprise,
The Priests at th' Altar stay,
With Flowry wreaths the Virgin crew
Attend while some with Roses strew,
And Mirtles trim the way.

Now to the Temple and the Priest,
See her conveyd, thence to the Feast;
Then back to bed, though not to rest.

For now to Crown his Faith and Truth,
We must admit the noble youth
To revel in Loves Sphere.

To rule as chief intelligence
That Orb, and happy time dispence
To wretched Lovers here.

For there exalted far above
All hope, fear, change, or they to move
The wheel that spins the fates of Love.

They know no night, nor glaring noon
Measure no hours of Sun or Moon,
Nor mark Time's restless Glass.

Their kisses measure as they flow,
Minutes, and there embraces shew
The hours as they do pass.

Their motions, the years circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take
Rules to make Love an Almanack.

A married Woman.

WHen I shall marry, if I do not find
A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind;
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample Dower,
Beauty, or Wit, shall she derive a power
To prejudice my right, but if she be
A subject born, she shall be so to me:
As to the soul the flesh, as Appetite
To reason is, which shall our wills unite
In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
Shall once appear, if she but learn t'obey.
For in habitual vertues sense is wrought

To that calm temper as the body's thought
To have nor Blood, nor Gall, if wild and rude
Paſsions of Luſt and Anger are ſubdu'd;
When 'tis the fair obedience to the ſoul,
Doth in the birth thoſe ſwelling acts controul,
If I in murder ſteep my furious rage,
Or with Adult'ry my hot Luſt aſſwage,
Will it ſuffice to ſay my ſenſe, the Beaſt
Provok't me to't? could I my ſoul deveſt,
My plea were good. Lyons, and Buls commit
Both freely, but man muſt in judgement ſit,
And tame this Beaſt, for *Adam* was not free,
When in excuſe he ſaid, *Eve* gave it me:
Had he not eaten, ſhe perhaps had been
Unpuniſht, his conſent made hers a ſin.

A Divine Love.

1.

WHy ſhould dull Art which is wiſe Natures Ape,
If ſhe produce a ſhape
So far beyond all patterns, that of old
Fell from her mould
As thine (admir'd *Lucinda*) not bring forth
An equal wonder to expreſs that worth

In ſome new way, that hath
Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

2.

Is it becauſe the rapes of Poetry,
Rifeling the ſpacious Sky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did thoſe diſpence
On Airy creations that ſurpaſt
The real works of Nature, ſhe at laſt
To prove their raptures vain,
Shew'd ſuch a light as Poets could not feign?

3.

Or is it 'cauſe the factious wits did vie
With vain Idolatry,
Whoſe Goddeſs was ſupreme, and ſo had hurld
Schiſme through the world,
Whoſe Prieſt ſung ſweeteſt lays; thou didſt appear
A glorious myſtery ſo dark, ſo clear,
As Nature did intend
All ſhould confeſs, but none might comprehend?

4.

Perhaps all other Beauties ſhare a light
Proportion'd to the ſight

Of weak mortality, ſcatt'ring ſuch looſe fires,
As ſtir deſires,
And from the brain diſtil ſalt amorous rhumes,
Whilſt thy immortal flame ſuch droſs conſumes,
And from the earthy mold
With purging fires ſevers the purer gold.

5.

If ſo, then why in Fames immortal ſcrowl,
Do we their names inroul,
Whoſe eaſie Hearts, and wanton Eyes did ſweat
With ſenſual heat?
If *Petrarch*'s unarm'd boſome catch a wound
From a light glance, muſt *Laura* be renown'd?
Or both a glory gain,
He from ill-govern'd Love, ſhe from diſdain?

6.

Shall he more fam'd in his great Art become,
For wilful martyrdome?
Shall ſhe more Title gain to chaſte and fair
Through his diſpair?
Is *Troy* more noble 'cauſe to aſhes turn'd,
Than Virgin Cities that yet never burn'd?
Is fire when it conſumes
Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes?

7. Cauſe

7.

Cauſe *Venus* from the Ocean took her form
Muſt Love needs be a ſtorm?
Cauſe ſhe her wanton ſhrines in Iſlands rears,
Through ſeas of tears,
O'r Rocks and Gulphs, with our own ſighs for gales,
Muſt we to *Cyprus*, or to *Paphos* ſail?
Can there no way be given,
But a true Hell that leads to her falſe heaven.

Loves force.

IN the firſt ruder age, when Love was wild,
Not yet by Laws reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by reaſon mann'd, but flew
Full-ſumm'd by Nature, on the inſtant view
Upon the wings of appetite, at all
The Eye could fair, or ſenſe delightful call:
Election was not yet, but as their cheap
Food from the Oak, or the next Acorn-heap,
As water from the neareſt Spring or Brook,
So men their undiſtinguiſht Females took
By chance, not choice; but ſoon the heavenly ſpark
That in mans boſome lurkt, broke through this dark

Confusion, then the noblest breast first felt
It self, for its own proper object melt.

A Fancy.

MArk how this polisht *Eastern* sheet
Doth with our *Northern* tincture meet,
For though the Paper seem to sink,
Yet it receives, and bears the Ink;
And on her smooth soft brow these spots
Seem rather ornaments than blots;
Like those you Ladies use to place
Mysteriously about your face;
Not only to set off and break
Shadows and Eye-beams, but to speak
To the skild Lover, and relate
Unheard, his sad or happy Fate:
Nor do their Characters delight,
As careless works of Black and White:
But 'cause you underneath may find
A sense that can inform the mind;
Divine, or moral rules impart,
Or Raptures of Poetick Art;
So what at first was only fit
To fold up Silks, may wrap up wit.

COELUM BRITANNICUM.

A

MASQUE

AT

WHITEHALL

In the *Banqueting-house*, on *Shrove-Tuesday*-night, the Eighteenth of *February*, 1633.

The Inventors,

Tho. Carew. *Inigo Jones.*

Non habet ingenium; Cæsar *sed jussit: habebo*
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat.

In the *SAVOY*,

Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1670.

MASQUE

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SCÆNE.

THE first thing that presented it self to the sight, was a rich Ornament that enclosed the Scæne; in the upper part of which were great branches of Foliage growing out of leaves and husks, with a Coronice at the top; and in the midst was placed a large Compartiment composed of Grotesk work, wherein were Harpies with Wings and Lyons Claws, and their hinder parts converted into Leaves and Branches, over all was a broken Frontispiece, wrought with Scrowls and Masque heads of Children, and within this a Table adorn'd with a lesser compartiment, with this Inscription, *COELUM BRITANNICUM*. The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and on the Plinth stood a great vaze of Gold, richly enchased, and beautify'd with Sculptures of great Relieve, with frutages hanging from the upper-part; at the foot of this sate two youths naked,

in their natural colours, each of these with one Arm supported the Vaze, on the Cover of which stood two young Women in Draperies, arme in arme; the one figuring the Glory of Princes and the other Manſuetude: their other arms bore up an Oval, in which, to the Kings Majeſty was this Impreſe, a Lyon with an Imperial Crown on his head: the word, *Animum ſub pectore forti*: On the other ſide was the like Compoſition, but the deſigne of the Figures varied; and in the Oval on the top, being born up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Impreſe to the Queens Majeſty, a Lilly growing with Branches and Leaves, and three leſſer Lillies ſpringing out of the Stem; the word, *Semper inclyta virtus*: all this Ornament was heightned with Gold, and for the Invention, and various compoſition was the newest and moſt gracious that hath been done in this place.

The Curtain was watchet, and a pale yellow in panes, which flying up on the ſudden, diſcovered the Scæne, repreſenting old Arches, old Palaces, decayed Walls, parts of Temples, Theatres, Baſilica's and Thermes, with confuſed heaps of broken Columnes, Baſes, Coronices and Statues, lying as under-ground, and altogether reſembling the ruines of ſome great City of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Britains. This ſtrange proſpect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators ſome time, when to a loud Muſick *Mercury* deſcends; on the upper part of his Chariot ſtands a Cock in action of crowing: his Habit was a Coat of Flame-colour

girt

girt to him, and a white Mantle trimm'd with Gold and Silver; upon his head a wreath with ſmall fals of white Feathers, a Caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heels: being come to the ground he diſmounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury.

FRom the high Senate of the gods, to You
Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majeſty,
Before whoſe Throne three warlike Nations bend
Their willing knees, on whoſe Imperial brows
The Regal Circle prints no awful frowns
To fright your ſubjects, but whoſe calmer eyes
Shed joy and ſafety on their melting hearts
That flow with cheerful loyal reverence,
Come I *Cyllenius*, *Jove*'s Ambaſſador,
Not as of old, to whiſper amorous tales
Of wanton love, into the glowing Ear
Of ſome choice Beauty in this numerous Train;
Thoſe days are fled, the rebel flame is quench'd
In heavenly breaſts, the gods have ſworn by *Styx*,
Never to tempt yielding mortality
To looſe embraces. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
By whoſe bright blaze your Palace is become
The envy'd pattern of this under world,
But the aſpiring flame hath kindled heaven;
Th' immortal boſoms burn with emulous fires,
Jove rivals your great vertues, Royal Sir,
And *Juno*, Madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild luſts, her raging jealouſies

She

She lays aside. and through the Olympique hall,
As yours doth here, their great example spreads.
And though of old, when youthful blood conspir'd
With his new Empire, prone to heats of Lust,
He acted Incests, Rapes, Adulteries
On earthly Beauties, which his raging Queen,
Swoln with revengeful fury, turn'd to beasts,
And in despight he transform'd to Stars,
Till he had fill'd the crowded Firmament
With his loose Strumpets, and their spurious race,
Where the eternal records of his shame
Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
When in the Chrystal mirror of your Raign
He view'd himself, he found his loathsome stains;
And now to expiate the infectious guilt
Of those detested luxuries, he'll chace
Th' infamous lights from their usurped Sphere,
And drown in the *Lethean* flood their curs'd
Both names and memories. In whose vacant rooms,
First you succeed, and of the wheeling Orbe
In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
With dazeling Beams and spreading Magnitude,
Shine the bright Pole Star of this Hemisphear,
Next, by your side, in a triumphant Chair,
And crown'd with *Ariadne*' Diadem,
Sits the fair Consort of your heart and Throne;
Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
He'll fix this noble train of either sex;
So to the British Stars this lower Globe
Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
To th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus* attired in a long darkish Robe, all wrought over with Ponyards, Serpents, Tongues, Eyes and Ears; his Beard and Hair party-

party-coloured, and upon his Head a Wreath ſtuck with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the forepart.

Momus.

BY your leave, Mortals. Good Cozen *Mercury*, your pardon good my Lord Ambaſſador: I found the Tables of your Arms and Titles, in every Inne betwixt this and *Olympus*, where your preſent expedition is Regiſtred: your Nine thouſand nine hundred ninety ninth Legation. I cannot reach the policy why your Maſter breeds ſo few Statesmen, it ſuits not with his Dignity, that in the whole Empyræum there ſhould not be a god fit to ſend on theſe honourable errands but your ſelf, who are not yet ſo careful of his Honour or your own, as might become your Quality, when you are itinerant: the Hoſts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth upon you for ſupporting plafery in your Train; which though, as you are the god of petty Larciny, you might protect, yet you know it is directly againſt the new Orders, and oppoſes the Reformation in Diameter.

Merc. Peace Railer, bridle your licentious tongue.
And let this Preſence teach you modeſty.

Mom. Let it if it can; in the mean time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, (gay people)

that

that though your poets who enjoy by Patent a particular priviledge to draw down any of the Deities from Twelfe-night to Shrove-Tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar entercourse between the two Courts, have as yet never invited me to these Solemnities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is *Momus ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap Demorgorgon-ap-Eternity*. My Offices and Titles are, the Supreme Theomastix, Hypercritique of manners, Protonotary of abuses, Arch-Informer, Dilator-General, Universal Calumniator, Eternal plaintiff, and perpetual Foreman of the Grand Inquest. My priviledges are an Ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, doors, curtains, through keyholes, chinks, windows, about all venerial Lobbies, sconces, or redoubts, though it be to the surprize of a perdu Page or Chambermaid; in, and at all Courts of civil and criminal Judicature, all Councils, Consultations, and Parliamentary Assemblies, where though I am but a Wool-sack god, and have no vote in the sanction of new Laws, I have yet a prerogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoof, or prejudice of *Jupiter*, his Crown and Dignity; for, or against the Rights of either house of patrician or plebean gods. My natural

natural qualities are to make *Jove* frown, *Juno* pout, *Mars* chafe, *Venus* blush, *Vulcan* glow, *Saturn* quake, *Cynthia* pale, *Phabus* hide his face, and *Mercury* here take his heels. My recreations are witty mischiefs, as when *Saturn* gelt his Father; the Smith caught his wife and her *Bravo* in a net of Cobweb Iron; and *Hebe*, through the Lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Halfpace, presented the Emblem of the forked tree and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowy cliffs of *Calabria*, with the Grotta of *Puteolum*. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a Bird of mine own feather; old *Peter Aretine*, who reduc'd all the Scepters and Miters of that age tributary to his wit, was my parallel, and *Frank. Rablais* suck'd much of my Milk too; but your Modern French *Hospital* of Oratory, is a meer counte feit, an arrant Mountebank, for though fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica, he discourse of Kings and Queens with as little reverence as of Grooms and Chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth and Scorpions tail; I mean that fellow, who to add to his stature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like a Dog in a doublet, than to walk like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more impertinent Trifeler, you disturb
The great affair with your rude scurrilous chat:
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concern *Joves* solemn Message?

Mom.

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especial Commission of employment from *Jupiter*, and a larger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet as a freeborn god I have the liberty to travel at mine own charges, without your pass or countenance Legatine; and that it may appear a sedulous acute observer, may know as much as dull flegmatique Ambassador, and wears a treble key to unlock the mysterious Cyphers of your dark secrecies, I will discourse the politique state of Heaven to this trim Audience——

At this the Scæne changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a Sphere, with Stars placed in their several Images; born up by a huge naked Figure (only a piece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards; as if the great weight lying on his shoulders oppresst him; upon his head a Crown, by all which he might easily be known to be *Atlas*.

——You shall understand, that *Jupiter* upon the inspection of I know not what vertuous Presidents extant (as they say) here in this Court, but as I more probably guess out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath before a frequent convocation of the Superlumary Peers in a solemn Oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on *Juno*'s Breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd Book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets, and

and hath with pathetical remonſtrances exhorted, and under ſtrict penalties enjoyned,, a reſpective conformity in the ſeveral ſubordinate Deities; and becauſe the Libertines of antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over Chaſtity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal ſongs celebrated the martyrdom of thoſe Strumpets under the perſecution of the Wives, and devolved to poſterity the pedigrees of their Whores, Bawds, and Baſtards. It is therefore by the authority aforeſaid enacted, that this whole Army of Conſtellations be immediately disbanded and caſheered, ſo to remove all imputation of impiety from the Cœleſtial Spirits, and all luſtful influences upon terreſtrial bodies, and conſequently that there be an Inquiſition erected to expunge in the antient, and ſuppreſs in the modern and ſucceeding Poems and Pamphlets, all paſt, preſent, and future mention of thoſe abjur'd hereſies, and to take particular notice of all enſueing Incontinences, and puniſh them in their High Commiſsion Court. Am not I in election to be a tall Stateſman, think you, that can repeat a paſſage thus punctually?

Merc. I ſhun in vain the importunity,
With which this ſnarler vexeth all the gods,
Jove cannot ſcape him: wel, what elſe from heaven?

Mom. Heaven! Heaven is no more the place it was, a Cloyſter of Carthuſians, a Monaſtery of converted gods, *Jove* is grown old and fearful,

appre-

apprehends a subversion of his Empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a legal succession in the legitimate heir, by repossessing the Titanian line, and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new Orders read in the Presence-Chamber, by the Vice-President of *Parnassus*, too strict to be observed long. Monopolies are called in, sophisticati n of wares punished, and rates imposed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the N ctar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly Beverage of a narcotique weed which hath rendred the Idæa's confus'd in the Divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in *Saturns* Reign. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repair of Families to the Metropolis, but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the Females put on a more Masculine resolution of soliciting businesses in their own persons, and leaving their Husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. *Bacchus* hath commanded all Taverns to be shut and no Liquor drawn after Ten at night. *Cupid* must go no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoyned to make him breeches, though of his Mothers petticoats. *Ganimede* is forbidden the Bed-chamber, and must only Minister in publick. The Gods must keep no Pages, nor G ooms of their chamber, under the age of 25, and those provided of a competent stock of beard. *Pan* may not pipe, nor *Proteus* juggle, but by especial permission. *Vulcan* was brought to an Oretenus

and

and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Suns Chariot-wheels, and froſt-nailing his Horſes upon the Fifth of *November* laſt, for breach of a penal Statute, prohibiting work upon Holidays, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy. In brief, the whole ſtate of the Hierarchy ſuffers a total reformation, eſpecially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. *Venus* hath confeſt all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her Husband, who conſcious of the great diſparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows thoſe levities as an equal counterpoize: but it is the prettieſt ſpectacle to ſee her ſtroaking with her Ivory hand his collied Cheeks, and with her ſnowy Fingers combing his ſooty Beard. *Jupiter* too begins to learn to lead his own wife, I left him practiſing in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an univerſal obedience, where the Lawgiver himſelf in his own perſon obſerves his decrees ſo punctually, who beſides to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimonial union which he derives from hence, hath on his Bed-chamber door and ſeeling, fretted with Stars in capital Letters, engraven the Inſcription of *CARLO-MARIA*. This is as much I am ſure as either your knowledge or inſtructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State, Formality, politique Inferences, or ſuſpected Rhetorical elegancies already delivered, you may now dexterouſly proceed to the ſecond part of

your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly ſparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Etherial lights to their primitive opacity, and groſs dark ſubſiſtence: they are all unrivited from the Sphere, and hang looſe in their ſockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediately they reinveſt their priſtine ſhapes, and appear before you in their own natural deformities,

Merc. Momus Thou ſhalt prevail, for ſince thy bold
Intruſion hath inverted my reſolves,
I muſt obey neceſsity, and thus turn
My face, to breath the Thunderers juſt decree
Gainſt this adulterate ſphere, which firſt I purge
Of loathſome Monſters, and miſ-ſhapen forms;
Down from her azure-concave, thus I charm
The Lernean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Bear?
The watchful Dragon, the ſtorm-boading Whale,
The Centaur, the horn'd Goatfiſh Capricorn,
The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar:
Diveſted of your gorgeous ſtarry robes,
Fall from the circling Orb, and e'r you ſuck
Freſh veriome in, meaſure this happy earth,
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forreſts, Deſarts, Seas,
Fly, and reſume your native qualities.

They dance in thoſe monſtrous ſhapes, the firſt Antimask of natural deformity.

Mom. Are not theſe fine companions trim Playfellows for the Deities? yet theſe and their fellows have made up all our converſation for ſome thouſands of years. Doe not you fair Ladies acknowledge your ſelves deeply engaged now to thoſe

those Poets your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? but now that these heavenly Mansions are to be void, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become unexcusable; especially since vertue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not competently stock'd that way, he shall not on the instant utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn of handsomness; for however the Letter of the Law runs, *Jupiter* notwithstanding his age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty, and make it current with his own impression. but to such as are destitute of both, I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed Cozen *Mercury*, what follows?

Merc. Look up and mark where the bright Zodiack
Hangs like a Belt about the Breast of Heaven;
On the right shoulder like a flaming Jewel,
His shell with Nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropique, sits the skalding Crab,
He, when the Sun gallops in full career
His annual race, his gastly claws uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the torrid Zone
The fiery team, and proudly stops their course,
Making a solstice, till the fierce Steeds learn
His backward paces, and so retrograde,
Poste down hill to th' opposed Capricorn.
Thus I depose him from his lofty Throne;

Drop from the Sky, into the briny flood,
There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea,
But let those fires that beautify'd thy shell
Take humane shapes, and the disorder shew
Of thy regressive paces here below,

The Second Antimasque is danc'd in retrograde paces, expressing obliquity in motion.

Mom. This Crab, I confess, did ill become the heavens but there is another that more infests the earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have not been observed for many Ages to have made any sensible advance: could you but lead the learned squadrons with a masculine resolution past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with Altars; but that not being the work of this night, you may pursue your purposes: what now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that unbodied, in the Appetite
Erects his Throne, hath yet, in bestial shapes,
Branded, by Nature, with the Character
And distinct stamp of some peculiar ill,
Mounted the Sky, and fix'd his Trophies there:
As fawning flattery in the little Dog;
I' th' bigger, churlish Murmur, Cowardize
I' th' timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th' adventurous Ship
That sail'd to *Colchos* for the Golden Fleece;
Drunken distemper in the Goblet flows;
I' th' Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;

In *Hercules* and the Lyon, furious rage;
Vain Oſtentation in *Caſſiope:*
All theſe I to eternal exile doom,
But to this place their Emblem'd Vices ſummon,
Clad in thoſe proper Figures by which beſt
Their incorporeal nature is expreſt.

The Third Antimasque is danc'd of theſe ſeveral Vices, expreſsing their deviation from Vertue.

Mom. From henceforth it ſhall be no more ſaid in the Proverb, when you would expreſs a riotous Aſſembly, that Hell, but Heaven is broke looſe: this was an arrant Goale-delivery, all the Priſons of your great Cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter: but Cozen *Cyllenius*, in my judgement it is not ſafe that theſe infectious perſons ſhould wander here to the hazard of this Iſland, they threatned leſs danger when they were nail'd to the Firmament: I ſhould conceive it a very diſcreet courſe, ſince they are provided of a tall veſſel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark them altogether in that good ſhip called the *Argo*, and ſend them to the Plantation in *New-England*, which hath purg'd more virulent humours from the politique body, than *Guaicum* and all the *Weſt-Indian* drugs have from the natural bodies of this Kingdom. Can you deviſe how to diſpoſe of them better?

Merc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate Air
Where Vertue lives, but will with haſty flight,

Mongſt Fogs and Vapors, ſeek unſonnd abodes.
Fly after them, from your uſurped ſeats,
You foul remainders of that viporous brood:
Let not a ſtarre of a luxurious race
With his looſe blaze ſtain the skies cryſtal face.

All the Stars are quench'd, and the Sphear darkened.

Before the entry of every Antimaſque, the ſtars in thoſe Figures in the Sphear which they were to repreſent, were extinct; ſo as by the end of the Antimaſque in the Sphear no more Stars were ſeen.

Mom. Here is a total Eclipſe of the Eighth Spear, which neither *Booker*, *Alleſtre*, nor any of your Prognoſticators, no nor their great Maſter *Tycho* were aware of, but yet in my opinion there were ſome innocent, and ſome generous Conſtellations, that might have been reſerved for Noble uſes: as the Scales and Sword to adorn the ſtatue of Juſtice, ſince ſhe reſides here on Earth only in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had been a fit preſent for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd moſt of her feathers lately. The Dolphin too had been moſt welcome to the French, and then had you but clapt *Perſeus* on his *Pegaſus*, brandiſhing his ſword, the Dragon yawning on his back under the horſes feet, with *Python's* Dart through his Throat, there had been a Divine *St George* for this Nation: but ſince you have improvidently ſhuffled them altogether, it now reſts only that we provide an immediate ſuc-

ceſsion

ceſsion, and to that purpoſe I will inſtantly proclaim a free Election.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of men,

Whereas we having obſerved a very commendable practice taken into frequent uſe by the Princes of theſe latter ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, ſieges, battels, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapiſtry, Embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embelliſhed their publike palaces, and taken into our more diſtinct and ſerious conſideration, the particular Chriſtmas-hanging of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Naval victory of 88. is to the eternal glory of this Nation exactly delineated; and whereas We likewiſe out of a prophetical imitation of this ſo laudable cuſtome, did for many thouſand years before, adorn and beautify the Eighth room of our cæleſtial Manſion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the Military adventures, ſtratagems, atchievemenrs, feats and defeats, performed in Our Own perſon, whilſt yet Our Standard was erected, and we a Combatant in the Amorous warfare, It hath notwithſtanding, after mature deliberation, and long debate, held firſt in our own inſcrutable boſome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privy-Counſel, ſeemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for cauſes to Our ſelf beſt known, to unfurniſh

niſh and diſ-array Our fore-ſaid Star-Chamber of all thoſe antient Conſtellations which have for ſo many Ages been ſufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places, ſuch Perſons only as ſhall be qualified with exemplar Vertue and eminent deſert, there to ſhine in indelible Characters of Glory to all poſterity. It is therefore Our divine Will and Pleaſure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, meer grace, and ſpecial favour, by theſe preſents to ſpecifie and declare to all our loving people, that it ſhall be lawful for any perſon whatſoever, that conceiveth him or her ſelf to be really endued with any Heroical Vertue, or tranſcendent Merit, worthy ſo high a calling and dignity, to bring their ſeveral pleas and pretences before Our Right truſty and Wel-beloved Cozen, and Counſellor Don *Mercury*, and god *Momus*, &c. Our peculiar Delegates for that affair, upon whom we have tranſferr'd an abſolute power to conclude and determine without Appeal or Revocation, accordingly as to their wiſdoms it ſhall in ſuch caſes appear behoveful and expedient, Given at Our Palace in *Olympus* the firſt day of the firſt month, in the firſt year of the Reformation.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, ſpectacles on his noſe, with a buncht back, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloth of Gold.

Plutus appears.

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a ſubterranean Fiend, *Plutus* in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of Gold; a poyſon hid by Providence in the bottom of the Seas, and Navil of the Earth from mans diſcovery, where if the ſeeds begun to ſprout above ground, the excreſcence was carefully guarded by dragons; yet at laſt by humane curioſity brought to light, to their own deſtruction; this being the true *Pandora*'s box, whence iſſued all thoſe miſchiefes that now fill the Univerſe.

Plut. That I prevent the meſſage of the gods
Thus with my haſte, and not attend their ſummons,
Which ought in Juſtice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To ſhew the juſt precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortal powers;
But to exclude the hopes of partial Grace
In all Pretenders, who, ſince I deſcend
To equal Trial, muſt by my example,
Waving your favour, claim by ſole Deſert.
If Vertue muſt inherit, ſhe's my ſlave,
I lead her captive in a golden chain,
About the world; ſhe takes her Form and Being
From my creation, and thoſe barren ſeeds
That drop from heaven, if I not cheriſh them
With my diſtilling dews, and fotive heat,
They know no vegetation; but expos'd
To blaſting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not ſhoot forth at all, or budding, wither,

Should

Should I proclaim the daily ſacrifice
Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject Beaſts,
But humane ſweat, and blood powr'd on my Altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods;
Turn but your eyes and mark the buſie world,
Climbing ſteep Mountains for the ſparkling ſtones,
Piercing the Center for the ſhining Ore,
And the Oceans boſome to take pearly ſands,
Croſsing the torrid and the frozen Zones
Midſt Rocks and ſwallowing Gulfs for gainful trade,
And through oppoſing ſwords, fire, murdering Canon:
Scaling the walled Towns for precious ſpoils,
Plant in the paſſage to your heavenly ſeats,
Theſe horrid dangers, and then ſee who dares
Advance his deſperate foot: yet am I ſought
And oft in vain, through theſe and greater hazards:
I could diſcover how your Deities
Are for my ſake ſlighted, deſpis'd, abus'd,
Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images,
Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and diſ-array'd
By ſacrilegious hands: yet is this treaſure
To th' golden Mountain, where I ſit ador'd,
With ſuperſtitious ſolemn rights convey'd,
And becomes ſacred there, the ſordid wretch
Not daring touch the conſecrated Ore,
Or with prophane hands leſſen the bright heap:
But this might draw your anger down on mortals,
For rendring me the homage due to you:
Yet what is ſaid may well expreſs my power
Too great for Earth, and only fit for Heaven.
Now, for your paſtime, view the naked root,
Which in the dirty Earth, and baſe mould drown'd,
Sends forth this precious Plant, and Golden fruit.
You luſty Swains, that to your grazing flocks

Pipe amorous Roundelays; you toyling Hinds,
That barb the fields, and to your merry Teams
Whistle your passions; and you mining Moles,
That in the bowels of your Mother-Earth
Dwell the Eternal burthen of her womb,
Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you play,
Sing, dance, and keep a cheerful Holiday.

They dance the Fourth Antimasque, consisting of Countrey-people, Musick and Measures.

Merc. Plutus the gods know and confess your power
Which feeble Vertue seldom can resist;
Stronger than Towers of Brass, or Chastity;
Jove knew you when he courted *Danae*,
And *Cupid* wears you on that Arrows head
That still prevails. But the gods keep their Throne,
To enstall vertue, not her Enemies;
They dread thy force, which even themselves have felt,
Witness Mount *Ida*, where the Martial Maid,
And frowning *Juno* did to mortal Eyes
Naked, for Gold, their sacred bodies show;
Therefore for ever be from Heaven banish'd.
But since with toyl from undiscover'd worlds
Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breath
The thirst of Empire, into Regal breasts,
And frightedst quiet peace from her meek Throne,
Filling the world with tumult, blood, and warre,
Follow the Camps of the contentious Earth,
And be the Conqu'rors slave, but he that can
Or conquer thee, or give thee vertuous stamp,
Shall shine in heaven a pure immortal Lamp.

Mom. Nay stay, and take my benediction along with you. I could, being here a Co-Judge, like

like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either rayl at you, or break jests upon you, but I rather choose to loose a word of good counsel, and entreat you be more careful in your choice of company: for you are always found either with Misers, that not use you at all; or with fools, that know not how to use you well. Be not hereafter so reserv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, so you shall gain such credit, as at the next Sessions you may be heard with better success. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this positive sentence, That whereſoever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall add no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance, or total absence, be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemn'd to wear perpetual Motley, unless he recant his opinion. Now pou may void the Court.

Penia enters, a Wonan of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her hair started up like a fury, her Robe was of a dark colour, full of patches, about one of her hands was tied a chain of Iron, to which was fastned a weighty stone, which she bore up under her Arm.

Merc. What Creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other, they move like Two Buckets, or as Two nails drive out one another; If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pen. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortal Powers) But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd

My

My foe, your Juſtice will conferre on me;
Since that which renders him incapable,
Proves a ſtrong plea for me. I could pretend,
Even in theſe rags, a larger Soveraignty
Then gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boaſt;
For mark how few they are that ſhare the world:
The numerous Armies, and the ſwarming Ants
That fight and toil for them, are all my Subjects,
They take my Wages, wear my Livery:
Invention too and Wit, are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Vertue is my Off-ſpring;
As many miſchiefs iſſue from my womb,
And thoſe as mighty as proceed from Gold.
Oft o'r his Throne I wave my awful Scepter,
And in the bowels of his State command,
When 'midſt his heaps of coyn, and hills of gold,
I pine and ſtarve the avaritious Fool.
But I decline thoſe titles, and lay claim
To heaven, by right of Divine contemplation;
She is my Darling, I, in my ſoft lap,
Free from diſturbing cares, bargains, accounts,
Leaſes, Rents, Stewards, and the fear of Theeves,
That vex the rich, nurſe her in calm repoſe,
And with her, all the Vertues ſpeculative,
Which, but with me, find no ſecure retreat.
For entertainment of this hour, Ile call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
To chain the winds up, or keep back the ſtorms,
To ſtay the Thunder, or forbid the Hail
To threſh the unreap'd ear; but to all weathers,
The chilling froſt, and ſcalding Sun, expoſe
Their equal face. Come forth, my ſwarthy train,
In this fair circle dance, and as you move,
Mark, and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the Fifth Antimaſque of Gypſies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetual converſation with Poets and Philoſophers hath furniſhed you with no more Logick, or that you ſhould think to impoſe upon us ſo groſs an inference, as becauſe *Plutus* and you are contrary, therefore whatſoever is denyed of the one, muſt be true of the other; as if it ſhould follow of neceſſity, becauſe he is not *Jupiter*, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, than to ſwallow ſuch a fallacy, for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both, and ſuch is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me adviſe you to marry your ſelf to Content, and beget ſage Apothegmes, and goodly moral Sentences in diſpraiſe of Riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou doſt preſume too much, poor needy wretch,
To claim a ſtation in the Firmament,
Becauſe thy humble Cottage, or thy Tub,
Nurſes ſome lazy or Pedantique vertue
In the cheap Sun-ſhine, or by ſhady ſprings
With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,
Tearing thoſe humane paſsions from the mind
Upon whoſe ſtocks fair blooming vertues flouriſh,
Degradeth Nature, and benummeth ſenſe,
And Gorgon-like, turns active men to ſtone,
We not require the dull ſociety
Of your neceſsitated temperance,

Or

Or that unnatural ſtupidity
That knows nor joy, nor ſorrow; nor your forc'd
Falſly exalted paſsive Fortitude
Above the Active: this low abject brood,
That fix their ſeats in mediocrity,
Become your ſervile mind; but we advance
Such vertues only as admit exceſs,
Brave bounteous Acts, Regal Magnificence,
All-ſeeing Prudence, Magnanimity
That knows no bound, and that Heroick vertue
For which Antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only, ſuch as *Hercules.*
Achilles, Theſeus. Back to thy loath'd Cell,
And when thou ſeeſt the new enlightned Sphere,
Study to know but what thoſe Worthies were.

Tyche enters, her head bold behind, and one great lock before, wings at her ſhoulders, and in her hand a Wheel, her upper parts naked,, and the skirt of her Garment wrought all over with Crowns, Scepters, Books, and ſuch other things as expreſs both her greateſt and ſmalleſt gifts.

Mom. See where Dame *Fortune* comes, you may know her by her wheel, and that vail over her Eyes, with which ſhe hopes like a ſeel'd Pigeon to mount above the Clouds, and pearch in the Eighth Sphere: liſten, ſhe begins.

Fort. I come not here (you gods) to plead the Right,
By which Antiquity aſsign'd my Deity,
Though no peculiar ſtation 'mongſt the Stars,
Yet general power to rule their influence,
Or boaſt the Title of Omnipotent,

Aſcrib'd

Aſcrib'd me then, bo which I rival'd *Jove*,
Since you have cancell'd all thoſe old Records:
But confident in my good cauſe and merit,
Claim a ſucceſſion in the vacant Orb;
For ſince *Aſtræa* fled to heaven, I ſit
Her Deputy on Earth, I hold her Skales
And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind
Becauſe themſelves want Eyes to ſee my cauſes;
Call me inconſtant, 'cauſe my works ſurpaſs
The ſhallow fathom of their humane reaſon;
Yet here, like blinded Juſtice, I diſpence
With my impartial hands their conſtant lots,
And if deſertleſs, impious men engroſs
My beſt rewards, the fault is yours, ye gods,
That ſcant your graces to mortality,
And niggards of your good, ſcarce ſpare the world
One vertuous for a thou and wicked men;
It is no error to conferr a dignity,
But to beſtow it on a vicious man;
I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
Make you men good, and Ile make good men happy:
That *Plutus* is refus'd, diſmays me not,
He is my drudge, and the extern l pomp
In which he decks the World, proceeds from me,
Not him; like Harmony, that not reſides
In ſtrings or notes, but in the hand and voice,
The revolutions of Empires, States,
Scepters, and Crowns, are but my game and ſport,
Which as they hang on the events of war
So thoſe depend upon my turning wheel.
You warlike Squadrons, who in battels joyn'd,
Diſpute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
Preſent the model of that martial frame,
By which, when Crowns are ſtak'd, I rule the game,

They

They dance the Sixth Antimaſque, being the repreſentation of a Battel.

Mom. Madam, I ſhould cenſure you, *pro falſo clamore*, for preferring a ſcandalous croſs-bill of recrimination againſt the Gods, but your blindneſs ſhall excuſe you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if Vertue were as univerſal as Vice is? it would only follow, that as the world now exclaims upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then rail as faſt at you for depreſſing the vertuous; ſo they would ſtill keep their tune, though you chang'd their Ditty.

Merc. The miſts, in wich future events are wrap'd,
That oft ſucceed beſide the purpoſes
Of him that works, his dull eyes not diſcerning
The firſt great cauſe, offer'd thy clouded ſhape
To his enquiring ſearch; ſo in the dark
The groping world firſt found thy Deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which, to the piercing Eye of providence,
Being fix'd and certain, where paſt, and to come
Are always preſent, thou doſt diſappear,
Loſeſt thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then only a deluding Phantome,
At beſt a blind guide, leading blinder fools;
Who, would they but ſurvey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room
For thy vain ayd. Wiſdom, whoſe ſtrong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power,
Induſtrious labour drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toyling Car, and not attending
Till thou diſpence, reaches his own reward,

Only the lazy ſluggard yawning lies
Before thy threſhold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the eaſie hand that feeds his ſloth;
The ſhallow, raſh, and unadviſed man
Makes thee his ſtale, disburdens all the follies
Of his miſ-guided actions, on thy ſhoulders.
Vaniſh from hence, and ſeek thoſe Ideots out
That thy fantaſtick godhead hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy ſuperſtitious crowd.

Hedone. Pleaſure a young woman with a ſmiling face, in a light laſcivious habit, adorn'd with Silver and Gold, her Temples crown'd with a Garland of Roſes, and over that a Rainbow circling her head down to her ſhoulders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this?

Mom. This is the ſprightly Lady *Hedone*, a merry Gameſter, the people call her pleaſure.

Plea The reaſons (equal Judges) here alledg'd
By the diſmiſt Pretenders, all concur
To ſtrengthen my juſt title to the Sphere.
Honour, or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themſelves no ſimple real good,
But as they are the means to purchaſe pleaſure,
The paths that lead to my delicious Palace;
They for my ſake, I for mine own am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is. I am the Goale,
The journeys end, to which the ſweating world,
And wearied nature tends. For this, the beſt
And wiſeſt ſect of all Philoſophers

Made

Made me the seat of supreme happiness.
And though some more austere, upon my ruines
Did, to the prejudice of Nature, raise
Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch;
Had they been Princes born, themselves had prov'd
Of all mankind the most luxurious:
For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd: from Offices of State,
From cares of Family, Children, Wife, Hopes, Fears,
Retir'd, the churlish Cynick in his Tub
Enjoyd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.
Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods;
My necessary Offices preserve
Each single man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I universal as the light,
Or common Air we breath; and since I am
The general desire of all mankind,
Civil Felicity must reside in me.
Tell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear,
When for the short delight of a poor draught
Of cheap cold water, great *Lysmachus*
Rendred himself slave to the Scythians.
Should I the curious structure of my seats,
The Art and Beauty of my several Objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
For every sense a proper constellation;
But I present the persons to your Eyes.
Come forth my subtle Organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charm the ear with moving harmony.

They dance the Seventh Antimaſque of the Five Senſes.

Merc. Bewitching *Syren*, guilded rottenneſs,
Thou haſt with cunning Artifice diſplay'd
Th' enamel'd out ſide, and the honied verge
Of the fair cup, where deadly poyſon lurks.
Within, a thouſand ſorrows dance the round:
And like a ſhell, pain circles thee without,
Grief is the ſhadow waiting on thy ſteps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their Weſt decline,
Doth to a Gyants ſpreading form extend
Thy Dwarfiſh ſtature. Thou thy ſelf art pain,
Greedy intenſe Deſire, and the keen edge
Of thy fierce Appetite oft ſtrangles thee,
And cuts thy ſlender thread, but ſtill the terror
And apprehenſion of thy haſty end,
Mingles with Gall thy moſt refined ſweets,
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains, that have reſiſted war and death,
Nations, that over fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy Magick made effeminate.
Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the Author of the firſt exceſs
That drew this reformation on the gods:
Canſt thou then dream, thoſe Powers, that from heaven
Baniſh'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cauſe?
To thy voluptuous Denne, fly Witch from hence,
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutiſh ſenſe.

Mom. I concur, and am grown ſo weary of theſe tedious pleadings, as Ile pack up too and be gone: Beſides, I ſee a crowd of other ſutors preſſing hither,

ther, I'l ſtop 'em, take their petitions and prefer 'em above; and as I came in bluntly without knocking, and no body bid me welcome; ſo Ile depart as abruptly without taking leave, and bid no body farewell.

Merc. Theſe, with forc'd reaſons, and ſtrain'd arguments,
Urge vain pretences, whilſt your actions plead,
And with a ſilent importunity
Awake the drowſie juſtice of the gods
To crown your deeds with immortality.
The growing Titles of your Anceſtors,
Theſe Nations glorious Acts, joyn'd to the ſtock
Of your own Royal vertues, and the clear
Reflex they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd Court, make Honours ſtory full,
And have to that ſecure fix'd ſtate advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through ſtreams of blood, ſweats to aſpire.
Thoſe antient Worthies of theſe famous Iſles,
That long have ſlept in freſh and lively ſhapes
Shall ſtrait appear, where you ſhall ſee your ſelf
Circled with modern Heroes, who ſhall be
In Act, whatever elder times can boaſt,
Noble, or Great; as they in Propheſie
Were all but what you are. Then ſhall you ſee
The ſacred hand of bright Eternity
Mould you to Stars, and fixe you in the Sphere,
To you, your Royal half, to them ſhe'll joyn
Such of this train, as with induſtrious ſteps
In the fair prints your vertuous feet have made,
Though with unequal paces, follow you,
This is decreed by Jove, which my return
Shall ſee perform'd, but firſt behold the rude

And old Abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew.
You naked, antient, wild inhabitants,
That breath'd this Air, and preſt this flowry Earth,
Come from thoſe ſhades where dwels eternal night,
And ſee what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas, and the Sphere vaniſhed, and a new Scene appears of Mountains, whoſe eminent height exceed the Clouds which paſt beneath them, the lower parts were wild and woody: out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimaſque of Picts, the natural Inhabitants of this Iſle, ancient Scotſh and Iriſh, theſe dance a Pyrhrica or Martial dance.

When this Antimasque was paſt, there began to ariſe out of the earth the top of a hill, which by little and little grew to be a huge Mountain that covered all the Scene; the under part of this was wild and craggy, and above ſomewhat more pleaſant and flouriſhing: about the middle part of this Mountain were ſeated the Three Kingdomes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; all richly attired in Regal Habits, appropriated to the ſeveral Nations, with Crowns on their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient Arms of the kingdoms they there preſented: at a diſtance above theſe ſate a young man in a white embroidered Robe, upon his fair hair an Olive Garland, with wings at his ſhoulders, and holding in his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with Corn and Fruits, repreſenting the *Genius* of theſe Kingdoms.

The

The First Song.

GENIUS.

RAise from these Rocky Cliffs your heads,
Brave Sons, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings, where Majesty,
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her Eye
Diffusive joy, where good and fair
United sit in Honours Chair.
Call forth your aged Priests, and chrystal streams,
To warm their hearts, and waves in these bright beams.

KINGDOMES.

1. *From your consecrated woods*
Holy Druids. 2. *Silver-floods,*
From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. *Hither move; forsake your bowers,*
1. *Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,*
Deck'd with Flags and sedgy Sheaves,
And behold a wonder. 3. *Say,*
What do your duller Eyes survey?

CHORUS of DRUIDS and RIVERS.

We see at once in dead of night
A Sun appear, and yet a bright
Noon day springing from Star-light.

GENIUS.

Look up, and see the darkned Sphere
Depriv'd of light, her Eyes shine there.

CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOMES.

1. *These shed a nobler influence,*
2. *These by a pure intelligence*
Of more transcendent vertue move,
3. *These first feel, then kindle Love,*
1. 2. *From the bosomes they inspire,*
These receive a mutual fire;
1. 2. 3. *And where their flames impure return,*
These can quench as well as burn.

GENIUS.

Here the fair victorious Eyes
Make worth only Beauties prize,
Here the hand of Vertue ties
Bout the heart Love's amorous chain,
Captives triumph, Vassals raigne,
And none live here but the slain.
These are th' Hesperian bow'rs, whose fair trees bear
Rich Golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.

GENIUS.

Then, from your impris'ning womb,
Which is the Cradle and the tomb
Of British Worthies (fair Sonnes) send
A troop of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden Grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of Love.

KING-

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. *Open thy ſtony Entrails wide,*
And break old Atlas, *that the pride*
Of Three Fam'd Kingdomes may be ſpy'd.

CHORUS.

Pace forth thou mighty Britiſh Hercules,
With thy choice band, for only thou and theſe,
May revel here in Loves Heſperides.

At this the under-part of the Rock opens, and out of a Cave are ſeen to come the Maſquers richly attired like antient Heroes, the Colours, yellow, embroidered with Silver, their antique Helmes curiouſly wrought and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young Lords and Noble-mens ſons, bearing Torches of Virgin-wax, theſe were apparelled after the old Britiſh faſhion in white Coats, embroidered with Silver, girt, and full gathered, cut ſquare coller'd, and round Caps on their Heads, with a white Feather wreathen about them; firſt theſe dance with their lights in their hands: after which, the Maſquers deſcend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being paſt, there appears in the further part of the heaven, coming down a pleaſant Cloud, bright and transparent, which coming ſoftly downwards before the upper part of the Mountain, embraceth the *Genius*, but ſo, as through it all his body is ſeen; and then riſing again with a gentle motion bears up the *Genius* of the Three

King-

Kingdoms, and being paſt the Airy Region, pierceth the heavens, and is no more ſeen: at that inſtant the Rock with the Three Kingdoms on it ſinks, and is hidden in the Earth. This ſtrange ſpectacle gave great cauſe of admiration, but eſpecially how ſo huge a Machine, and of that great height could come from under the Stage, which was but Six foot high.

The Second Song.

KINGDOMS.

1. *HEre are ſhapes form'd fit for Heaven,*
2. *Thoſe move gracefully and even,*
3. *Here the Ayr and paces meet*
So juſt, as if the skilful feet
Had ſtruck the Vials. 1. 2. 3. *So the Ear*
Might the tuneful footing bear.

CHORUS.

And had the Muſick ſilent been,
The Eye a moving time had ſeen.

GENIUS.

Theſe muſt in the unpeopled Sky
Succeed, and govern Deſtiny,
Jove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
Theſe glorious lights. I muſt aſcend
And help the work.

KING-

KINGDOMES.

1. *We cannot lend*
Heaven ſo much Treaſure. 2. *Nor that pay,*
But rendring what it takes away.
Why ſhould they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORUS.

Or be to one eternal poſture ty'd,
That can into ſuch various figures ſlide?

GENIUS.

Jove *ſhall not, to enrich the Sky,*
Beggar the Earth; their Fame ſhall fly
From hence alone, and in the Sphere
Kindle new Stars, whilſt they reſt here.

KINGDOMS.

1.2.3. *How can the ſhaft ſtay in the quiver,*
Yet hit the mark?

GENIUS.

Did not the River.
Eridanus, *the grace acquire*
In Heaven and Earth to flow,
Above in ſtreams of Golden fire,
In Silver waves below?

KINGDOMS.

1.2.3. *But ſhall not we, now thou art gone*
Who wert our Nature, wither?
Or break that triple Union
Which thy ſoul held together?

GENIUS.

In Concords pure immortal Spring
I will my force renew.
And a more active Vertue bring
At my return. Adieu.

KINGDOMS *adieu*, CHORUS *adieu.*

The Masquers dance their main dance, which done, the Scene again is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, clean differing from all the other, the neareſt part shewing a delicious Garden with several Walks, and parterra's set round with low trees, and on the sides against these walks, were Fountains and Grots, and in the furtheſt part a Palace, from whence went high Walks upon Arches, and above them open Tarraces planted with Cypress trees, and all this together was composed of such Ornaments as might express a Princely Villa.

From hence the *Chorus* descending into the room, goes up to the State.

The Third Song.

By the *Chorus*, going up to the Queenr.

WHilſt thus the Darlings of the gods,
From Honours Temple to the shrine
Of Beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of Love, we guide; let thy Divine
Aspects (bright Deity) with fair
And Halcyon beams, becalm the Air,

We

We bring Prince Arthur, *or the brave*
St George *himself* (*great Queen*) *to you,*
You'l soon discern him: and we have
A Guy, *a* Beavis, *or some true*
Round Table Knight, as ever fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.
Plant in their Martial hands, War's seat,
Your peaceful pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Loves known language, tales of woe;
Say, in soft whispers of the Palm,
As Eyes shoot Darts, so Lips shed Balm.

For though you seem, like Captives, led
In triumph by the Foe away,
Yet on the Conqu'rors neck you tread,
And the fierce Victor proves your prey,
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

The Song done they retire, and the Masquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majesty seated under the State by the Queen; for conclusion to this Masque there appears coming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great Cloud, which arriving at the middle heaven, stayeth; this was of several colours, and so great, that it covered the whole Scene: out of the further part of the heaven began to break forth two other Clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared sitting

ſitting in one of them, *Religion*, *Truth* and *Wiſdom*. *Religion* was apparelled in White, and part of her face was covered with a light vail, in one hand a Book, and in the other a flame of fire. *Truth*, in a Watchet Robe, a Sun upon her forehead, and bearing in her hand a Palm. *Wiſdom* in a Mantle wrought with Eyes and Hands, Golden Rays about her head, and *Apollo*'s Cithera in her hand. In the other Cloud ſate *Concord*, *Government* and *Reputation*. The habit of *Concord* was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of ſticks bound together, and on the top of it a Hart, and a Garland of Corn on her head: *Government* was figured in a Coat of Armour, bearing a ſhield: and on it a *Meduſa*'s head; upon her head a plumed Helme, and in her right hand a Lance. *Reputation*, a young man in a Purple Robe wrought with Gold, and wearing a Laurel on his head. Theſe being come down in an equal diſtance to the middle part of the Air, the great Cloud began to break open, out of which broke beams of light; in the midſt ſuſpended in the Air, ſate *Eternity* on a Globe, his Garment was long, of a light Blue, wrought all over with Stars of Gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a Circle, with his Tail in his mouth. In the Firmament about him was a Troop of Fifteen Stars, expreſsing the ſtellifying of our Britiſh Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the reſt, which was over his head, figured His Majeſty; and in the lower part afar off was ſeen the proſpect of *Windſor-Caſtle*, the famous

ſeat

seat of the most Honourable Order of the Garter.

The Fourth Song.

Eternity, Eusebia, Alethia, Sophia, Homonoia, Dicæarche, Euphemia.

ETERNITY.

BE fix'd you rapid Orbs, that bear
The changing seasons of the year
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepid Spheres grown dark and cold;
Nor did Jove *quench her fires, these bright*
Flames have eclips'd her sullen light:
This Royal Pair, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still:
Since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal, the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My Truths from humane Eyes conceal'd
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor do their actions, from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their own pure souls entwin'd
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd,

DICÆ-

DICÆARCHE.

So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seems Empire to obey.

EUPHEMIA.

And their fair Fame, like incense hurl'd
On Altars, hath perfum'd the world.
SO. *Wisdom,* AL. *Truth,* EVS. *Pure Adoration.*
HO. *Concord.* DI. *Rule.* EVP. *clear Reputation.*

CHORUS.

Crown this King, this Queen, this Nation.

CHORUS.

Wisdom, Truth, &c.

ETERNITY.

Brave Spirits, whose adventrous feet
Have to the Mountains top aspir'd,
Where fair Desert, and Honour meet
Here, from the toiling Press retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my Temple revel.

With wreths of Stars circled about,
Guild all the spacious Firmament,
And smiling on the panting rout
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistless influence guide
Of humane change th' incertain tide.

EUS. ALE. SOP.

But oh you Royal Turtles, shed,
Where you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of Love.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Which no power can but yours dispense,
Since you the pattern bear from hence.

HOM. DIC. EUP.

Then from your fruitful race shall flow
Endless succession.
Scepters shall bud, and Laurels blow
About their immortal Throne.

CHORUS.

Propitious Stars shall crown each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.

The Song ended, the Two Clouds with the persons sitting on them ascend, the great Cloud closeth again, and so passeth away overthwart the Scene; leaving behind it nothing but a Serene Sky. After which the Masquers dance their last dance, and the Curtain was let fall.

The names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majesty.

Duke of *Lenox.*	Lord *Fielding.*
Earle of *Devonshire.*	Lord *Digby.*
Earl of *Holland,*	Lord *Dungarvin.*
Earl of *Newport.*	Lord *Dunluce.*
Earl of *Elgin.*	Lord *Wharton,*
Viscount *Grandison.*	Lord *Paget.*
Lord *Rich.*	Lord *Saltine.*

The names of the young Lords and Noble mens Sons.

Lord *Walden.*	Mr. *Thomas Howard.*
Lord *Crauborn.*	Mr. *Thomas Egerton.*
Lord *Brackley.*	Mr. *Charles Cavendish.*
Lord *Shandos.*	Mr. *Robert Howard.*
Mr. *Wil. Herbert.*	Mr. *Henry Spencer.*

Some Additional Poems by the ſame Author.

To his Miſtriſs.

1. GRieve not my *Celia*, but with haſte
Obey the fury of thy fate,
'Tis ſome perfection to waſte
Diſcreetly out our wretched ſtate,
To be obedient in this ſence
Will prove thy Vertue, though offence.

2. Who knows but deſtiny may relent,
For many miracles have been,
Thou proving thus obedient
To all the griefs ſhe plung'd thee in;
And then the certainty ſhe meant
Reverted is by accident.

3. But yet I muſt confeſs 'tis much
When we remember what hath been,
Thus parting never more to touch
To let eternal abſence in,
Though never was our pleaſure yet
So pure, but chance diſtracted it.

4. What, ſhall we then ſubmit to fate,

And dye to one anothers love?
No, *Celia*, no, my ſoul doth hate
Thoſe Lovers that inconſtant prove,
Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
The Crime is yours, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the Planets ſometimes bodies part,
But canker'd nature only alters th' heart

In praiſe of his Miſtriſs.

YOu, that will a wonder know,
Go with me,
Two Suns in a Heaven of Snow
Both burning be,
All they fire, that do but eye them,
But the Snow's unmelted by them.

2. Leaves of Crimſon Tulips met
Guide the way
Where Two Pearly rows be ſet
As white as day
When they part themſelves aſunder
She breaths Oracles of wonder.

3. Hills of Milk with Azure mixd
Swell beneath,
Waving

Waving ſweetly, yet ſtill fix'd.
While ſhe doth breath.
From thoſe hills deſcends a valley
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

4. As fair Pillars under-ſtand
Statues Two.
Whiter than the Silver Swan
That ſwims in *Po*;
If at any time they move her
Every ſtep begets a Lover.

5. All this but the Casket is
Which contains
Such a Jewel, as the miſs
Breeds endleſs pains;
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot ſhow it.

To Celia *upon Love's Ubiquity.*

AS one that ſtrives, being ſick, and ſick to death
By changing places, to preſerve a breath,
A tedious reſtleſs breath, removes and tries
A thouſand rooms, a thouſand policies,

To cozen pain, when he thinks to find eaſe,
At laſt he finds all change, but his diſeaſe,
So (like a Ball with fire and powder fill'd)
I reſtleſs am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
And with that moving torture muſt retain
(With change of all things elſe) a conſtant pain,
Say I ſtay with you, preſence is to me
Nought but a light to ſhew my miſery,
And parting are as Racks, to plague love on,
The further ſtretch'd, the more affliction.
Go I to *Holland*, *France*, or furtheſt *Inde*,
I change but onely Countreys not my mind.
And though I paſs through Air and Water free,
Deſpair and hopeleſs fate ſtill follow me,
Whilſt in the boſome of the waves I feel
My heart I'le liken to the tottering Keel,
The Sea to my own troubled fate, the Wind
To your diſdain, ſent from a foul unkind:
But when I lift my ſad looks to the skies,
Then ſhall I think I ſee my *Celia's* Eyes,
And when a Cloud or Storm appears between,
I ſhall remember what her frowns have been.
Thus, whatſoever courſe my fates allow,
All things but make me mind my buſineſs, you

The good things that I meet I think ſtreams be
From you the Fountain, but when bad I ſee
How vile and curſed is that thing, think I,
That to ſuch goodneſs is ſo contrary?
My whole life is bout you, the Center ſtar,
But a perpetual Motion Circular.
I am the Dials hand, ſtill walking round,
You are the Compaſs, and I never ſound
Beyond your Circle, neither can I ſhew
Ought, but what firſt expreſſed is in you.
That whereſoe'r my Tears do cauſe me move
My fate ſtill keeps me bounded with your love;
Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
Time ſhall ſtand ſtill, and moiſt Waves flaming be,
Yet, being gone, think not on me, I am
A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
But when I die, and wiſh all comforts given,
Ile think on you, and by you think on heaven.

FINIS.